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The Nation.

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TORIAL

ETTING ON SUPPLY SIDE

The Administration's new budget adds up to a doubling of the Republican bet on supply-side theories already embarrassingly discredited by the recession. The deficits generated by lavish tax breaks to large corporations and affluent individuals and the enormous increases in Pentagon appropriations are not in themselves alarming. As percentages of either Federal expenditures or the gross national product, they are smaller than those routinely countenanced in West Germany, France and Japan.

Nevertheless, they contribute to a deepening recession in two important ways. The deficits act as a justification for continuing the Federal Reserve System's tight-money policies, which have already generated interest rates that are calamitous to the construction industry, to automobile and farm-equipment dealers and to municipalities trying to raise funds to rebuild deteriorating subways, sewers, roads and bridges. Moreover, those who press the levers of power in corporate board rooms and major banks take more seriously than they should the danger that Treasury borrowing will crowd out corporations and propel interest rates to even more stratospheric levels. Today's interest rates, let alone tomorrow's, make it more profitable for many large corporations to play merger games or to buy government bonds than to invest in new machinery and new factories.

The only good thing to be said about the budget and the New Federalism is that both are so outrageous that Congress, encouraged by Reagan's sagging ratings in the polls, is unlikely to adopt the bulk of the cuts and even less likely to take action on the New Federalism scam. To members of both parties we commend *Nation* Editorial Board member Robert Lekachman's new book on Reaganomics, aptly titled *Greed Is Not Enough.*

HUMAN RIGHTS 1981
Aryeh Neier

THE F.D.R. FILE
Athan G. Theoharis

CYNTHIA OZICK
Earl Rovit

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
Elinor Langer

NELSON ALGREN
Malcolm Cowley

STEVE NELSON
Maurice Isserman

THE C.I.A. AND PAGE AIRWAYS

THE CASE OF THE FLYING SPIES

MURRAY WAAS

Two weeks ago, the House Select Committee on Intelligence held hearings on the gunrunning operations of two former Central Intelligence Agency employees, Edwin Wilson and Frank Terpil. Although the case has raised questions about the C.I.A.'s complicity with the pair [see Waas, "The Terpil Transcripts," and editorial, "The C.I.A. and the Rogue Agents," *The Nation*, November 28, 1981], the committee focused on the agency's internal investigations of the high-ranking intelligence officials who had business dealings with the two former agents. Now, previously undisclosed records in a legal action involving an aircraft company with suspected connections to the C.I.A. and Israeli intelligence throw new light on the Wilson-Terpil affair and the C.I.A.'s knowledge of it.

On April 8, 1980, the Securities and Exchange Commission quietly settled a two-year-old lawsuit against Page Airways, a Rochester, New York, firm. The commission had charged Page and its top executives with making more than $2.5 million in bribe payments and illegal currency transactions to officials of foreign governments in connection with overseas aircraft sales. In its announcement of the settlement, the S.E.C. said, "Nothing in the settlement constitutes evidence of or any admission with respect to the allegations of the commission's complaint."

Spokesmen for both the commission and Page Airways declined to comment at the time about why the lawsuit had been settled so suddenly. In its statement, however, the S.E.C. made a cryptic allusion to "concerns raised by another

(*Continued on Page 203*)

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LETTERS.

DECLARATION OF THREE

Managua, Nicaragua

We are three poets of very different countries. One of us is a Catholic poet, son of an underdeveloped country. The other two are sons of countries called superpowers: one a capitalist state, the other socialist. But we are all sure that the one superpower that must exist is the human spirit, that there is no state bigger than the human soul. The human soul must be the Church of all, religious or nontheistic, in all parts of the world.

We don't want to see Nicaragua become a puppet in anyone's hands. At this moment we are witnesses that here in Nicaragua, which suffered so much under tyranny, misery and ignorance, there is an intent on the part of the people to defend their economic and intellectual independence. Nicaragua is a big experimental workshop for new forms of get-together wherein art plays a primordial role. Many Nicaraguans—not only intellectuals but also workers, farmers, the militia—write verse today, with hands tired of weapons. Let's give them the possibility to write poetry with ink and not blood.

We call the world's writers to come to Nicaragua to see with their own eyes the reality of Nicaragua and to lift their voices in defense of this country, small but inspired. They'll be welcome and can acquaint themselves directly with the true character of this revolution, of the efforts of the people to create a just society exempt from violence, a revolution whose image is being consciously distorted by those who have an interest in destroying the alternative that it proposes.

Damocles' sword of aggression now hangs in the air above these people. We trust that if the writers of the world get together, their pens will be mightier than any sword of Damocles.

Eugenio Evtuchenko
Allen Ginsberg
Ernesto Cardenal

WELCOME TO THE BOARD

We are pleased to announce that Elinor Langer has joined *The Nation*'s Editorial Board. Langer is a writer whose articles and reviews have appeared in a number of publications, including *Science*, *The New York Review of Books*, *The New York Times Book Review*, *Working Papers* and *Mother Jones*. Her review of Wilfrid Sheed's *Clare Boothe Luce* appears in this week's issue of *The Nation* (see page 208). She is also author of a biography of Josephine Herbst, which will be published next year.

We look forward to a stimulating and fruitful association.

—The Editors

CRIME, THE FAMILY AND THE LEFT

New York City

I welcome Bertram Gross's informed and thoughtful discussion in "Anticrime Proposals for Progressives" [*The Nation*, Feb. 6]. Fighting crime is not, and should not be seen to be, the monopoly of conservatives.

As Professor Gross points out, the American Civil Liberties Union has "resisted repressive measures wrapped in the anticrime banner." We have been less successful in developing an affirmative program against crime that sensible people can embrace. But we have made a start in the proposals emanating from our Washington, D.C., office, including speedy trials, more rational sentencing and funding for training programs for police officers and community-dispute mechanisms.

We have also recognized the human consequences of crime by commissioning a book, *The Rights of Crime Victims*, as part of our series on the rights of people. But more needs to be done and Gross's article will help.

Norman Dorsen
President, A.C.L.U.

Berkeley, Calif.

The essays in the February 6 *Nation* by Bertram Gross ["Anticrime Proposals for Progressives"] and Michael Lerner ["Recapturing the 'Family Issue' "] are commendable first steps in a crucial campaign to recapture two of the important social issues that progressive forces have abdicated to conservatives. (Two others are religion and patriotism.) But these admirable efforts fail to go far enough.

On crime, Gross proposes full employment, victim compensation and neighborhood self-help. So far, fine. But these measures will not recapture the issue, and for good reason. Full employment, in addition to being a pie-in-the-sky program for people currently threatened by crime, does not respond to the kind of crime problem we now face. Crime rates have more than doubled since the early 1960s, through boom times and bust times. We have a crime culture now that seems impervious to the unemployment rate. Self-protection will help, but people have a right to safety without having to be volunteer guardians. Compensation is just, but people do not want to be victimized in the first place.

On family, Lerner's policies will also fail to be convincing. More housing, affordable child care, a shorter work week and consciousness-raising would help American families some. But Lerner's list reads like a New Left wish-list simply labeled profamily. Many Americans are frantic about escalating divorce rates—also more than doubled since the 1960s—and Lerner really has no answer. (To say that increased job stress or unequal pay for women is the cause, as he does, is factually indefensible. More likely, it is the entry of women into the work force that is a major factor.) And many Americans worry that their children are in "moral" danger outside the home, threatened by pornography, sexual liberation, liberal schooling, drugs and so on. The character and happiness of their children are threatened. I don't see Lerner's response to this problem.

It is good that we on the left are finally recognizing that these popular concerns are legitimate, and that we do not represent "the people" if we ignore such concerns. The next step will be to develop answers that are more than the repackaging of our old nostrums. Some of those answers may require confronting our own cherished prejudices.

Claude S. Fischer

NEWS FROM IRAN

New York City

Richard Falk, in "Khomeini's Reign of Terror" [*The Nation*, Jan. 30], says that, there being no official comment these days from Washington about developments in Iran, what with the hostages long gone, "predictably, the mainstream media has followed suit."

Professor Falk, though perhaps an expert on Iran, should be informed that since the hostages were released, no American correspondents have been allowed into Iran, and all the Western wire services have been barred as well. This, and not the lack of instructions from Washington, is the reason for the decline in the amount of coverage. Falk could have read this in an extensive account of what is going on in Iran by John Kifner in *The New York Times* of January 18.

Craig R. Whitney
Deputy Foreign Editor
The New York Times

FALK REPLIES

Princeton, N.J.

Of course I was aware of the exclusion of Western correspondents from Iran, and should properly have mentioned this element of the situation. But as leading French newspapers have demonstrated, there remain reliable ways to keep abreast of the turbulent developments in Iran's increasingly brutal revolution, if only the political will exists. My point stands: If Washington chooses a low profile for Iran, then the mainstream media follow along; otherwise not.

Richard Falk

CORRECTION

Due to an oversight, the meaning of a sentence was distorted in Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers's article "The Great Japan Debate" [*The Nation*, Feb. 13, p. 170]. The sentence should have read: "Little help can be expected from such labor leaders."

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EDITORIALS.

The Right Wrong

How indignant or furious must one's comments on the distressing situation in Poland be before one has the right to deplore political repression closer to hand? Must we scream at the Kremlin, loudly curse Helmut Schmidt for cowardly accommodationism, tear out our hair at the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of antinuclear demonstrators all over Europe—or else keep mum about events we might more easily affect, such as the U.S.-aided slaughter of tens of thousands, in the name of anti-Communist stability, in El Salvador and Guatemala? Is that really the choice?

This is a famous old problem, moral in its essence and extremely difficult to resolve in practice. It is about credentials, an earned right to have a view, to speak out or perhaps to act on the political issues of the day.

The right wing in American politics (wrongly called "conservative") constantly harps on this, claiming that unless you are sufficiently critical of the Big Evil of Communism, you have no business attacking the Lesser Evils (as they see them) closer to home. This exclusionary chorus has swelled in volume since martial law was clamped on Poland. It has even been joined by some unlikely tenors—the Chicago columnist Mike Royko, for example, who is generally a sensible and sharp observer of the political scene. In a column in late December, Royko attacked "those prominent, radical-chic Americans who feel so deeply about the injustices of South American dictators, Iranian Shahs and other despots" and seem to be less "offended by Polish despots killing Polish workmen." (He named only Jane Fonda.)

It is of course a good thing to attack evil and defend virtue, much better than the other way round. But the proximity of the target and the reach of the attacker have something to do with the effect of the attack. For at least a generation

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it has been extraordinarily difficult to find defenders of the political system of the Soviet Union or of Communism itself. This scarcity extends almost to the leftward extreme of the Western political spectrum, except for the increasingly eccentric French Communist Party.

The question remains as to what is accomplished by loud expressions of disgust with the corruptions of that system beyond the conferring of a sense of righteous self-satisfaction on those who thus condemn it. Given the familiarity of those evils and the remoteness, in every sense, of the U.S.S.R., what is the point or imagined effect of the barrage of verbal assaults on it from this distance? One must conclude that the real target is not the unreachable Kremlin but those in power at home. The purpose is to stir people to a pitch of indignation and anxiety that will mobilize support for a huge arms effort.

The word "obscurantism" comes to mind, that term of abuse once widely employed in the polemics of the left but now in the arsenal of the right. It meant something like "you're not talking about the objective situation, so define your terms my way or you're guilty of stupidity and irrelevance." It is a classic device for shifting the grounds of an argument to those favored by one of the disputants.

Now it is the right wingers who are using this diversionary tactic to deny to the rest of us the right to try to change a vicious and fatefully wrong policy in Central America. We oppose repression and the absence of freedom wherever it occurs. They choose to be selective in this matter, obscuring both the facts and the inherent moral distinctions.

As in most things, this is a question of scale. How much do you have to be for or against X to have the right to be for or against Y? In the present conjuncture, we are supposed to shut up about U.S. helicopters manned by Salvadoran gunners killing scores of peasants in search-and-destroy operations precisely modeled on our Vietnam experience unless we also shout (what else can we do?) about Russian-made T-34 tanks stationed at dark street corners in Warsaw and Gdansk. (We could declare Poland in default on its huge debt, but that would "destabilize" . . . the bankers.)

To take another example, we should moderate our hatred of the South African system of racial oppression lest the blacks around the Horn take over from the white masters and then encourage Soviet subs to poise themselves to torpedo Arab oil turning that corner.

In the right-wing scheme of things, the good is the enemy of the best. The best, in their view, is the absence of competition for control of the controllable world. Western democratic values will prevail. Totalitarianism will be made to fail. Who would not be for that? In the real world, the good is a compromise with the not so good, and the best is a victory over the bad achieved at unacceptable cost. That formulation makes us accommodationist compromisers, not ideological militants. And that is contemptible.

Specifically, how can it help the Poles to resist the crackdown in their country to have General Haig step up the crackdown by the juntas on the people of El Salvador and Guatemala? Whose anti-Communist ox is gored by these exercises, one rhetorical and symbolic, the other real and brutal? Can it be seriously maintained that these gestures and actions make the world safer for democracy?

Of course not. But that is not what the right wing really wants. It seeks confrontation with the Soviet Union for its own sake. To justify that posture, the nature of the Soviet threat must always be magnified and the weaknesses of the adversary never admitted. And so we fail to exploit its failures, go on feeding it and make only propagandistic gestures toward reducing arms on both sides.

But to say that, in the view of the right wingers, ends forever our right to deplore the astoundingly bloody actions of our "anti-Communist" allies or clients among the military regimes of Latin America, or to do what we can by political means to end our involvement in those repressions.

Remote as the possibility of ending it may be, it is realistic, as against ideological, to try. Better that than to raise the decibels over the sad intractabilities of Poland.

BLAIR CLARK

Blair Clark is a contributing editor of The Nation.

Partly Political

The State Department's "Country Reports on Human Rights Practices for 1981," issued last week, does not reflect—as many human-rights advocates had feared—an attempt to whitewash abuses by allies of the United States or to render the reports themselves useless as an instrument for promoting human rights. The 1,142-page book is a serious work and an invaluable resource. It contains more up-to-date information on human-rights practices around the world than is to be found anywhere else. Nonetheless, it is gravely flawed in several places by an effort to conform the reporting to the politics of the Reagan Administration.

President Reagan's politics are evident in the reports on Argentina and Chile. "In 1981 the overall human rights situation in Argentina continued to improve," the report tells us, and it says, "The human rights situation in Chile has improved significantly since 1977." Such language is almost entirely absent from the reports on the other 158 countries. Why use it in connection with Argentina and Chile? The answer seems plain. The foreign assistance act adopted in December requires the President to certify that those countries have made "significant progress" on human rights as a condition of military aid and arms sales.

A similar effort to tailor a report to the requirements of the foreign assistance act appears in the discussion of El Salvador. The law requires that to give military aid and sell arms to El Salvador, the President must certify that the government there is "making a concerted and significant effort" to protect human rights and is "achieving substantial control" of its armed forces to end torture and murder. Accordingly, the report tells us that "significant strides were made by El Salvador's government in moving toward a democratic process for resolving conflicts," and that "the government has taken steps to

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curb abuses by the security forces."

By and large, such efforts to protect the political interest of the Reagan Administration are confined to the introductory material about particular countries, in which an effort is made to put abuses into perspective. With a few exceptions, the detailed information on abuses of human rights does not reflect political tampering. But the introductory material colors what follows, as these brief excerpts from the reports on Ethiopia and Chile indicate:

> After the 1974 revolution, the level of human rights abuses in Ethiopia, high under the previous regime, increased sharply. The human rights situation was at its worst in 1977 and 1978, when the military leadership and its civilian opponents fought for control of the government. Perhaps 10,000 men, women and children were killed, while tens of thousands of others were imprisoned or exiled during this "red terror" campaign. Because the government has since consolidated its control over most of the country, the level of human rights abuses is now significantly lower. However, there is no legal protection against abuses.

> The human rights situation in Chile has improved significantly since 1977. No confirmed "disappearances" have occurred since October of that year and, although there continue to be sworn statements reporting the use of force in some interrogations, treatment of prisoners and general police procedures have improved. However, arrests and expulsions for non-violent political activities continued to occur in 1981. Political parties remain formally dissolved, and basic freedoms of speech and assembly are restricted, although some political activity, criticism and press discussion are tolerated.

The difference in tone is evident, yet the actual situations in Ethiopia and Chile are very similar. Government-sponsored political violence was at a high point in Chile between 1973 and 1977 and in Ethiopia in 1977 and 1978. Torture, political arrests and other abuses are still routine in both countries, but the level of violence is less than it was a few years ago because the two governments have consolidated their control. No effective legal redress for abuses is available in either country.

In the report on Chile, there is a clear sign of political influence on the choice of language in the discussion of details. The statistics are the same as those used by the Vicaria de la Solidaridad, the human-rights arm of the Catholic Church, but the way they are used is different. For example, discussing torture, the State Department says:

> In 1981, 68 persons (compared to 100 in 1980) filed complaints with the courts alleging torture—with most individuals alleging psychological duress, beatings and the use of electric shock during interrogations. While the courts have required investigations of some cases, to date none have been substantiated by government investigators.

This conveys the impression that the use of torture is declining, that psychological duress was the form of torture practiced most frequently and that the truthfulness of those making allegations is suspect because "none have been substantiated by government investigators." This contrasts with the views expressed by the Vicaria in a pastoral letter distributed last month:

> As far as the right to life and to psychological and physical integrity we think the situation has worsened since last year. This information comes from the small percent of victims willing to press charges in a court of law. Certainly, this does not cover numerous others tortured who are not willing to initiate legal proceedings. One of the results of torture is to produce such a level of intimidation that very few people dare to denounce the tortures they have suffered.

The Vicaria goes on to state that "brutal forms of torture that we believed to have disappeared have reappeared" and that "specific clandestine places are permanently equipped with technical personnel" practicing torture.

The manner in which torture in Chile is described in the country reports cannot be excused by any suggestion that the State Department must hedge its comments because of the difficulty of verifying allegations. Certainly, that consideration didn't affect the authors of the report on the Soviet Union, which contains such passages as "politically-inspired prosecutions often are made on trumped-up criminal charges," and "The Soviet government continues to use pseudo-scientific procedures to confine perfectly sane political and religious activists to special psychiatric hospitals." It is no more difficult to verify allegations of torture in Chile than to verify the trumping-up of criminal charges and the use of pseudoscientific pretexts for psychiatric imprisonment in the Soviet Union.

Another country report that appears to suffer from political tampering is the one on Haiti. Its tone and some of its information seem intended to justify the Reagan Administration's treatment of Haitian boat people. Where Amnesty International's report for 1981 discusses torture, the State Department's report says, "There were no reports of torture in 1981." The State Department also says that the Haitian government "has given assurances it will not prosecute or punish" migrants who leave the country without the requisite exit visas and that "checks on a sample of returnees from the United States indicate that these assurances have been kept to date." No criticism of the difficulties faced by Haitians seeking to emigrate is expressed, even though several paragraphs in the report on the Soviet Union are critical of the obstacles that country's government places in the way of those seeking to emigrate.

The absence of political tampering in the reports on the great majority of the countries is as important as the tampering with respect to a few countries. Especially noteworthy is the forthright reporting on Guatemala, Pakistan, the Philippines, South Africa and South Korea.

The report on Guatemala, which makes clear the continuing escalation in political violence by government forces, stands in sharp contrast to the report on El Salvador. Read in connection with several recent statements by Reagan Administration officials, this report gives the impression that the United States has written off the government of Guatemala. It is simply too brutal for us. This makes our commitment to the government of El Salvador seem all the sadder. Had President Reagan and Secretary of State Haig not committed themselves in El Salvador so early, we might

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now be able to distance ourselves from that government, as we now appear to be distancing ourselves from the government of Guatemala.

The report on South Africa is the lengthiest—twice as long as the report on the Soviet Union. It leaves a reader in no doubt about the devastating impact of apartheid on non-whites in South Africa and about the severe restrictions of civil liberties that whites have imposed on themselves in order to maintain their subjugation of non-whites. Reagan's politics, it seems clear, had no effect on this report.

Ernest Lefever, President Reagan's first nominee as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and

DISPATCHES.

■ SOUTH AFRICA: "The Bandit State"

In a crackdown on alleged subversives, authorities in the South African-created territory of Venda have arrested and reportedly tortured the leaders of the local Lutheran Church. At least twenty people have been detained since November, including four Lutheran pastors. A dean of the church, the Very Rev. T. Simon Farisani, suffered head injuries in prison; late last month he was transferred to a hospital, where he remains in critical condition. A 27-year-old lay preacher, Tshifiwa Muofhe, died in his jail cell following police interrogation. The Venda police deny that they have tortured the Lutherans, but they have prevented visitors, including South African Bishop Desmond Tutu, from seeing the prisoners. The Lutheran Church in Johannesburg has alerted Amnesty International, and in New York City the Lutheran World Ministries issued a statement saying: "We deplore this inhuman treatment of prisoners of conscience and call upon responsible authorities of this South African bandit state to cease and desist this brutality."

Venda, the "bandit state," is one of four nominally independent black "homelands," or "bantustans," that South Africa's white-minority regime has set up since 1976. The 350,000 blacks who live in Venda have been stripped of their South African citizenship. Located in the northeast corner of South Africa, Venda borders on Zimbabwe and nearly adjoins Mozambique. A politically sensitive region, Venda has become a key infiltration and recruitment area for the guerrillas of the African National Congress (A.N.C.), who are fighting to overthrow the South African regime. Last October, after A.N.C. guerrillas had stormed a police station in Sibasa, Venda's main town, Patrick Mphephu, the territory's South African-backed president, ordered widespread arrests. Two of the Lutherans now in jail were members of an antiapartheid group known as the Black People's Convention, which has since been disbanded.

Beset by political conflicts, Venda is also embroiled in a wildlife scandal. To attract weekend tourists to the local game reserve, the warden, a political appointee, began feeding live donkeys to nine lions confined in a small arena. An outraged conservationist who had witnessed the exhibition reported to authorities that "hundreds of people were converging on the park for a sadistic Roman spectacle" every Sunday at noon.

The game warden was charged last month with cruelty to animals, but the arrest and mistreatment of Lutherans and other political dissidents continues in South Africa's "bandit state."

■ CAMBODIA: A "Third Force"

The Khmer Rouge may have backed itself into a corner in December when it rejected a proposal endorsed by the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) for a loose coalition of anti-Vietnamese Khmer forces. ASEAN led the effort last year to pull together a coalition of the three main resistance groups—the Khmer Rouge, Son Sann's Khmer People's National Liberation Front (K.P.N.L.F.) and forces loyal to Prince Norodom Sihanouk. China, which supports Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, lent its considerable weight to the effort. China's aim was to use the coalition to clean up the Khmer Rouge's image and attract international aid for a Khmer war of attrition against the Vietnamese [see "Dispatches," *The Nation*, July 25 and September 26, 1981]. But it always viewed the Khmer Rouge as the dominant force in the coalition.

But now the conservative K.P.N.L.F. is picking up international support, and the Khmer Rouge is worried. Apparently, its leaders rejected the ASEAN coalition proposal because of a fear that the "true intention [of such a coalition] is to topple and destroy our Democratic Kampuchean State." This fear has some basis in fact. The nations opposed to the Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia need the Khmer Rouge because it holds the Kampuchean seat in the United Nations, and is thus considered the legitimate government.

The U.N. seat aside, the Khmer Rouge is viewed as a liability by nations that want to bring Vietnam to the negotiating table. The foreign ministries of Singapore and Thailand, for example, have moved toward the position of Malaysian Foreign Minister Tan Sri Ghazali Shafie, who is reportedly convinced that a "third force" made up of Son Sann's and Sihanouk's groups could eventually arrive at a political settlement with the Vietnamese. According to Gareth Porter of the Center for International Policy in Washington, D.C., Ghazali has even suggested that a coalition regime in Phnom Penh could include non-Communist resistance forces and representatives of the Vietnamese-backed Heng Semrin government. The Pol Pot faction would be excluded, however.

Now, Son Sann, who has at most 9,000 armed guerrillas inside Cambodia, has been promised aid by Singapore and Malaysia. There is also some indication that the Reagan Administration has agreed to help the K.P.N.L.F. According to the January 15 *Far Eastern Economic Review*, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs Daniel O'Donohue told ASEAN officials last December that the United States will give $3 million to $4 million to non-Communist resistance forces in Cambodia for the pur-

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Humanitarian Affairs, favored ending the country reports. We have come a long way since then. Despite the flaws—and there were also flaws in the reports issued by the Carter Administration—the State Department's Country Reports on Human Rights for 1981 is a responsible document. Because the evident political tampering is confined to the reports on a few countries, it is possible to spotlight what is wrong and, thereby, to prod the Administration to do better next year.

ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier is vice chairman of the Helsinki Watch and Americas Watch committees.

ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH AND STEPHEN TALBOT

chase of nonlethal military equipment. In apparent contradiction of O'Donohue, the State Department said it had no plans to offer *military* assistance to the Khmer, but it did not deny the gist of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*'s story.

■ POLAND: Which Side Are You On?

The West German government behaved predictably. France was contradictory. China, until late last month, remained silent. The Communist parties of Western Europe were split. The Italian party's schism with Moscow stopped just short of excommunication. Two months after Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski imposed martial law in Poland, it is evident that the variety of responses to the suppression of Solidarity—acquiescence, awkwardness, protest—defied the narrow, ideological expectations and preconceptions on which the Reagan Administration's cold-war policies are based. It is a lesson Washington is slow to learn.

The West German government wavered on the U.S. sanctions, then said what it felt it had to say to pacify Reagan: the Russians are to blame for what is happening in Poland and some sort of economic sanctions should be considered. But in the end, Helmut Schmidt went about his business—trade and détente. Bonn had already signed the large Siberian natural-gas contract. There was no going back on that. Schmidt had editorial support from *Stern* and *Der Spiegel*, West Germany's two major newsmagazines. *Stern*'s publisher, Henri Nannen, attacked the "hypocrisy" of conservatives in the West who supported Solidarity. He blamed the trade union movement for creating the crisis, and he charged that if the same scenario had unfolded in West Germany, the United States would have intervened militarily. A poll conducted last month by *Stern* indicated that most West Germans supported Schmidt's business-as-usual policies. Only 15 percent of those polled opposed his gas deal with the Soviet Union. And two-thirds of them opposed Reagan's call for trade sanctions against Moscow.

Unlike Schmidt, Socialist President François Mitterrand of France promptly condemned the military repression in Poland. But Mitterrand's politics of principle were seasoned with economic pragmatism, and he signed a twenty-five-year gas contract with the Soviet Union. Bad timing, editorialized *Le Monde*, which normally supports Mitterrand.

China did not comment on Poland for weeks. Chinese leaders told a visiting U.S. State Department official, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs John Holdridge, that they did not want to encourage any incipient Solidarity-type movement in their own country. When they finally spoke publicly, it was to announce a new agreement with Warsaw to increase trade by 30 percent. No sanctions for Peking.

So who did take a hard line against Moscow? The Italian and Spanish Communist parties. But that is embarrassing company for the Reagan Administration to keep. Europe in the 1980s—with its new trade agreements, ideological disputes and shifting alliances—just doesn't fit that 1950s Reagan mold.

■ UPDATE: Chile—Fruits of Friedmanism

The omens are bad for Chile's economy, and some observers, including many businessmen sympathetic to the military government, fear a major disaster could be just around the corner. Bankruptcies are the most visible sign of the crisis [see "Dispatches," *The Nation*, January 31, 1981]. Last December, the country's largest textile firm, Manufacturas Chilenas de Algodón, declared bankruptcy, closing out a year in which the country saw a rash of business failures. "If the government doesn't change its economic policies," one businessman told Finance Minister Sergio De Castro at a gripe session for business leaders, "national industry will be dead." Besides textile firms, companies selling chemicals, rubber products, furniture and footwear are losing ground daily to cheap imports flowing into the country under a uniform 10 percent tariff, one of the lowest in the world. As imports undercut Chilean-made goods, workers are laid off. The textile industry employed 120,000 people in 1974; it now employs 20,000. Employment in shoe factories has dropped from 40,000 to 7,000 in the same period.

Farmers say that low tariffs, an overvalued peso and high interest rates are ruining them, too. Agricultural imports from Argentina, Europe and Brazil are undercutting prices paid to Chile's farmers, and hundreds of landowners have gone under. Some banks are floundering as farmers default on their debts, and economists are warning of a domino effect that would cause more bankruptcies by April or May.

Chile's "Chicago Boys," the University of Chicago-trained economists who serve Augusto Pinochet's government, claim their Friedmanesque policies only weed out inefficient industries. Nonsense, says the president of an agricultural association in Llanquihue: "Chileans should know that we can't compete with the massive agricultural potential of a country like Argentina. Chile is the only country in the world which is not protecting its agriculture."

Farmers and industrialists are asking the government to return to the policies of the 1950s and 1960s, when national industry was protected, but for the government, a return to protectionism would amount to an admission that the "free market" model had failed.

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ARTICLES.

THE F.D.R. FILE

J. Edgar, Eleanor – and Herbert Too?

ATHAN G. THEOHARIS

Among the memorabilia dug up for the observances of the centenary of Franklin D. Roosevelt's birth last month were recordings of conversations in the Oval Office. According to a story published in *American Heritage*, the President had had a listening device installed. "He did it too," many conservatives and keepers of the Nixon flame were quick to say. More objective observers pointed out, however, that the ca. 1940 recording device was primitive by Nixon-era standards, that it was in operation for only four months and that it was used mainly to record Presidential press conferences (which F.D.R. held in his office).

Nonetheless, during the Roosevelt years, and specifically during World War II, bugging and other surveillance techniques were increasingly employed by intelligence agencies against political dissenters on "national security" grounds. Actually, national security did not emerge as a catchall phrase until the cold war, when politicians and publicists started using it to describe whatever was deemed to be in the national interest and thus should be protected against foreign and domestic enemies. Prior to 1945, the preferred phrase to rally public support for foreign and military policy decisions was "national defense," which had a more circumscribed meaning and embraced a more democratic set of values.

In any event, abuses of power did not begin during Nixon's Presidency nor even during the cold-war years. Federal Bureau of Investigation files from 1940 to 1942 confirm that such abuses existed in the Roosevelt White House and that they were motivated by a concern over criticism of President Roosevelt's efforts to mobilize public support for rearmament and an anti-Hitler foreign policy.

Significantly, opposition to Roosevelt's increasing abandonment of America's official neutrality in the years immediately prior to Pearl Harbor came from both the left and the right. Some radicals believed that this retreat from neutrality threatened to involve the United States in an imperialistic war, ending all hope of further domestic reform. Others who initially shared this view—notably American Communists—changed their minds after Germany invaded the Soviet Union in June 1941. Many conservatives thought that Roosevelt's foreign policy not only would lead the United States into an unnecessary and undesirable war but also would enable the President to assume near dictatorial powers. Two notable advocates of these respective views were the radical American Youth Congress (A.Y.C.) and the conservative former Republican President, Herbert Hoover.

Formed in 1934 to lobby for legislation helpful to young Americans, the American Youth Congress eventually came to be dominated by individuals holding radical views on economic and social issues. From 1934 until mid-1940, the A.Y.C. drew financial and moral support from Eleanor Roosevelt, who was attracted to the group's idealism and militancy. In addition to making generous financial donations to the congress, she made several public gestures of support.

When the House Committee on Un-American Activities investigated the A.Y.C. in December 1939, for example, Mrs. Roosevelt attended the hearings to demonstrate her belief in the loyalty of the congress's leaders. She even invited A.Y.C. members to the White House to meet with the President.

In late 1940, however, when the A.Y.C. attacked the President's foreign and defense policies, Mrs. Roosevelt's relations with its leaders became strained. The organization went on to accuse the President of promoting "war hysteria," and it labeled the peacetime draft, which Roosevelt was advocating, an attempt to "Hitlerize" America. Frustrated because the A.Y.C. ignored her advice that it denounce Stalin as well as Hitler, Mrs. Roosevelt privately concluded that the congress had become Communist-influenced. By July 1941, she had severed all ties with it.

Even while she was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the A.Y.C., Mrs. Roosevelt continued to support the group financially—at least until May 1941. She expressed her willingness to meet with an A.Y.C. delegation as late as June 10, 1941.

Mrs. Roosevelt's continued contact with the A.Y.C. leadership in 1940 and 1941 apparently worried F.B.I. officials, however. In January 1942, F.B.I. agents broke into the congress's New York City office and made photocopies of Mrs. Roosevelt's extensive correspondence with the organization's leaders during 1940 and 1941. It is not known if J. Edgar Hoover ordered the burglary, but two copies of the correspondence were made by the New York field office and forwarded to F.B.I. headquarters in Washington, D.C. In a memorandum dated January 29, 1942, the F.B.I. Director wrote, "These should be carefully reviewed & analyzed." The correspondence was duly reviewed, and on February 4, 1942, Assistant Director D.M. Ladd reported to Hoover that "the pertinent information [is] set forth in a blue memorandum for you." (Blue memorandums were not

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serialized and hence could be safely destroyed. They contained highly sensitive information.) Ladd added, "The attached material is identical with much of the previously received material," which suggests that the F.B.I. had either broken into the A.Y.C. offices on another occasion or had obtained copies of this correspondence from other sources.

Although they acted unilaterally to ascertain Mrs. Roosevelt's relationship with the American Youth Congress, F.B.I. officials on other occasions put their investigative resources at the service of the President's foreign policy. One prominent target of these efforts was not a radical, however; it was a conservative, Herbert Hoover. At a meeting on July 2, 1940, Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle informed E. A. Tamm, an Assistant Director of the F.B.I., that President Roosevelt had requested an investigation of the former Republican President. In a July 2, 1940, memorandum to F.B.I. Director Hoover, Tamm relayed the reason for the request:

> The President received word from Marcus [Marquis] Childs, a newspaper reporter, that while Mr. Herbert Hoover and his former secretary, Larry Ritchey [Richey] were attending the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia they addressed certain cablegrams to former Premier Laval of France. According to Mr. Berle, Laval is the Fascist Leader in France and the purpose of the inquiries originating from Mr. Hoover and Mr. Ritchey were to endeavor to obtain some statement from Laval indicating that President Roosevelt had made definite commitments to send men to France to fight for France in the present war. The President desired that you determine what messages, if any, of the type were sent by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Ritchey and what replies were received.

Tamm reported that Berle had claimed that the alleged overtures to Laval were subject to official inquiry because Hoover and Richey had "injected themselves into international entré [*sic*] . . . and so related to the operation of the Federal Government." Tamm's memorandum noted J. Edgar Hoover's approval of the President's request and then explained how the inquiry would be carried out.

In a July 10, 1940, memorandum to the Director, Tamm summarized the outcome of the investigation:

> Predicated upon this request [from Roosevelt through Berle] you authorized the New York office to make a check of the various trans-Atlantic communications to determine whether any record of these communications could be located. A check has been completed by the New York office which has failed to disclose that any such messages were sent. I called Mr. Berle and so advised him.

And so the investigation of Herbert Hoover ended in futility, as did the investigation of America's best-known First Lady. But there are important lessons to be learned from both probes, and they should not be regarded simply as curiosities to be added to the stock of memorabilia from the Roosevelt years. First, they illustrate the F.B.I.'s willingness to investigate two prominent political figures with widely differing philosophies and relations with the Roosevelt Administration. Second, both probes were triggered by suspected opposition to the President's foreign policies. Third, whether the Bureau acted on its own initiative, as it did in the case of Eleanor Roosevelt, or under orders from the President, as it did in the case of Herbert Hoover, it employed illegal investigative methods. Finally, the eminence, respectability and unassailable patriotism of the subjects did not make them immune to surveillance.

The Roosevelt-Hoover affairs show us how broadly intelligence officials and a President of the United States have defined national security in order to justify investigations of critics of U.S. foreign policy. The probes also demonstrate how government officials have callously ignored American citizens' rights to privacy and the legal constraints on intelligence-gathering methods. Lastly, we see how casually intelligence agencies and a President have bent the rules in carrying out operations they deem necessary.

These lessons are particularly apropos at a time when the Reagan Administration has unleashed the intelligence agencies to investigate groups and individuals within the United States who allegedly pose a threat to national security. The Administration claims that these investigations will be confined to terrorists, subversives and agents of foreign powers. But history teaches us that such inquiries can be expanded to include even an Eleanor Roosevelt or a Herbert Hoover. □

Words and History

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In almost every speech on foreign policy by a leading member of the Reagan Administration, two recurrent key words make their appearance. We are told that any sign of weakness in the face of the Soviet Union constitutes "appeasement." And we are warned that European nations protesting the deployment of American missiles on their soil are moving toward "Finlandization." Various learned and not-so-learned journals and reviews also parrot this terminology, and in many newspapers it is taken for granted.

"Appeasement" is an attempt at a historical analogy. "Finlandization" is a supposed contemporary example of its practical results. On any examination, the analogy proves groundless and the example false.

"Appeasement" is listed in some English lexicons as a "worsened word," so greatly has its usage changed in the recent past (another example would be "collaborator," which hasn't sounded the same since the Nazis occupied Europe). It is supposed to describe a process of surrender and retreat before a minatory power—a process ultimately futile as well as degrading because of the said power's brutality and intransigence. Classically, it describes the feeble policies of the Western democracies faced with the rise and expansion of the Axis dictatorships. Concession after concession, combined with wishful thinking about fascist intentions, failed to prevent war and in some ways made it more likely. Two initial points about this term may surprise

Christopher Hitchens is a contributing editor of The Nation.

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some people. First, appeasement means simply the conciliation and composition of differences, and has no pejorative connotations (cf., Spenser: "From heaven descending to appease their strife"). Second, and for that reason, it was the term given to British and French policy, not by its critics but by its supporters.

Historically, present usage of the term is even more inaccurate. The British and French conservatives who "appeased" Hitler and Mussolini did so not because they feared fascism but because they partly sympathized with it. They helped Hitler rearm because they hoped, until quite a late stage, that he could be made into an ally against the Soviet Union. Powerful lobbies of businessmen and politicians (for example, the Anglo-German League) worked tirelessly to uphold the policies of Neville Chamberlain and to let Hitler have his way in the Rhineland, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia and even in Poland. The Spanish Republic was abandoned to its fate by the hypocrisy of "nonintervention," which translated as "fascist intervention only." The same can be said for the free hand given to Mussolini in Libya, Ethiopia (then Abyssinia) and Albania.

Public opinion could be manipulated because of the appalling losses of World War I and the natural reluctance to undergo another, because of the widespread realization that anti-German feeling in 1914 had been officially and deceitfully manufactured, and because of the recognition in some quarters that the Treaty of Versailles had indeed been "unfair to Germany." (The last point was by no means foolish, as Maynard Keynes was the first to point out.) Even after Britain's declaration of war on Germany over Poland, almost half the Conservative members of Parliament voted in a confidence motion to retain Chamberlain as Prime Minister and to reject Winston Churchill. And France fell easily, its military and political leadership in the hands of those who, during the Popular Front period of 1936, took as their slogan "Better Hitler than Blum."

Now, what points of resemblance between that period and this strike the eye? Is there a substantial section of the Western establishment that, openly or covertly, desires Soviet domination? Not even the authors of *The Spike* suggest that there is. Is there a general willingness to allow the Soviet Union to have its own way in any country it chooses to take under its wing? The record of Western policy in the Third World suggests otherwise. (The fact that this policy has often been a sad failure has nothing to do with the analogy, and forms part of a different argument.) Did Hitler have thermonuclear missiles trained on every strategic and population center in his country, night and day, from silos and submarines and aircraft? Has any nation ever signed with the Soviet Union a pact like the Anglo-German naval treaty of 1935? Was there any small country fighting fascist aggression in the 1930s whose appeal was ever answered? Is there any anti-Communist clique of any size that claims to be fighting Russia that has *not* had its appeal answered? The analogy breaks down at every important point, and at some secondary points too.

There is only one point at which it can be said to hold, and that is the one our modern analogists do not make. In

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the 1930s, it was confidently believed that the next war would be the end of all civilized life. It followed fairly reasonably, at least to many people, that a policy designed to avert war was good in itself. With hindsight, we know that there could have been no averting war with Hitler (as the left said at the time). Except for Jewish noncombatants in Central Europe, whose fate not even the direst prophet had predicted, the war, when it came, was not quite as destructive as had been feared. But we do know something about the shape of the next war, and we do know that it *will* be the end. For some reason, that is the one lesson of "appeasement" that Messrs. Reagan, Weinberger and Haig do not stress. (Mind you, if the U.S.S.R. was, as they claim, a fascist country, they would rush to "appease" it.)

"Finlandization" is, if anything, an even more dishonest construction. I once took the trouble to find out its origins. The first man to use the term was Prof. Richard Loewenthal of the Free University of Berlin. At a seminar many years ago he postulated a possible split between American and Western European policy, conceivably leading to a withdrawal of U.S. forces from Europe. Should this occur, he argued, there would be neither a Soviet invasion nor a social revolution. But there would be an adjustment of Western European politics toward the stronger neighboring power in the East. Professor Loewenthal compared this with the political settlement already made by the people and government of Finland. When I asked him what he thought of the use to which his coinage had been put, he announced himself to be very disturbed. To hear his words being twisted by the likes of the German conservative leader Franz-Josef Strauss, he said, was distressing. I don't know if he heard Richard Allen describe Europe as undergoing "self-Finlandization" recently, but if so I am sure that he shuddered afresh.

It's hard to know where to begin decoding this term, but the best place may be at the beginning. Before 1917, Finland was actually a province of Russia—the Grand Duchy of Finland to be exact. So, in one sense, if there had been no Bolshevism there would have been no Finland to Finlandize. The Bolsheviks recognized Finnish claims to self-determination that year—something Finns remember even if American officials, uncomfortable with a long view of history, do not.

After a very sanguinary civil war, paralleling many other internal conflicts in the Europe of the time, Finland fell under the control of extreme-right counterrevolutionaries. Tens of thousands of Finns sought refuge in the Soviet Union, and many of the Finnish workers who remained at home looked upon the Russians as their protectors. An autonomous Finnish area was proclaimed in Karelia (later to be purged and finally almost wiped out by Stalin). But under the regime of Marshal Gustaf Mannerheim, pro-Soviet feelings still remained very strong, surviving even the high-handed Russian intervention of 1940 and the bloody conflict that ensued.

After World War II, which Finland joined as an ally of the Nazis, the Soviet Union demanded and got some concessions on territory, including a base at Porkkala, which was restored to Finland in 1955. Since 1948 relations between the two countries have been governed by a mutual treaty. The Communist Party is strong, and one wing of it is utterly pro-Soviet—a very rare circumstance in Europe, but found in certain countries (like Portugal, Greece and Turkey) where the local ruling establishment has employed authoritarian methods. Finland has a functioning party democracy, a free press and easy access to neighboring Scandinavian countries. More than 20 percent of its foreign trade is with the U.S.S.R., with which it shares 800 miles of border. As a result, the Soviet Union is not criticized much in public. (In the recent presidential elections, *Pravda* and the Confederation of Finnish Industry agreed that the best candidate would have been Ahti Karjalainen, co-chairman of the Finnish-Soviet Economic Commission. But he still didn't make it.)

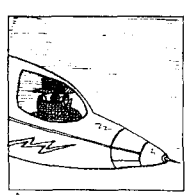
Finland's past and present relationship with the U.S.S.R. is thus unique. To describe this relationship, which in *Finnish* terms marks the longest period of peace, democracy and economic growth the country has ever known, as some kind of serfdom is an insult—and not only to Finland. It is a vulgar parody of history, not so much a *mis*reading as a *non*reading.

It is by bogus ideological words like these that the cold war is made to seem like the antifascist crusade of a generation ago—a crusade in which European and American conservatives were, as far as the record can show, oddly muted in tone and distinctly cautious in style. Now that they have found a battle more to their taste, perhaps they can think up some better justifications for it. □

Flying Spies

(Continued From Front Cover)

agency of the United States government regarding matters of national interest."



Information to which I recently gained access points to the identity of that "concerned" government agency. It was the Central Intelligence Agency. The evidence suggests that the C.I.A. feared that if the case went to trial, a highly sensitive intelligence operation would be compromised. The court records do not specify the particular operation that had the agency worried, but they do show that Page had dealings with an Israeli intelligence agent. This agent has been identified as the mastermind of an operation directed against Libya's Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi by the Mossad, an Israeli intelligence agency.

A few years ago, the Mossad pulled off a characteristically bold coup. Through Zimex Aviation, an aircraft firm it secretly owned in Zurich, it had sold the Libyan dictator an executive jet for his personal use. Under the sales agree-

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ment, Zimex provided flight crews and pilots, several of whom were Israeli agents, for the Grumman Gulfstream II. Eavesdropping devices were also planted aboard the plane, and these subsequently recorded Qaddafi's conversations with his advisers and Arab leaders. From these conversations the Israelis learned of Qaddafi's efforts to purchase atomic weapons and his fruitless attempts to gain possession of the eight C-130 transport planes that Libya had purchased from Lockheed and that the State Department had impounded.

These revelations about the Israelis' spying mission and the settlement of the Page Airways lawsuit raise questions for the Congressional investigators in the Wilson-Terpil case. The C.I.A.'s review of its own handling of the affair concluded that there had been no misconduct by two high-level agency officials who had cooperated with Wilson and Terpil. But as I shall show, Terpil's involvement with another Zimex-Mossad operation should have tipped off the C.I.A. to his arms transactions. Yet the agency took no action.

This brings up the question of whether Wilson and Terpil were acting in a secret capacity for the C.I.A. The agency has denied any ties with the pair, terming them "rogue agents." It has said that it could not have been involved because the arms sales to Qaddafi were illegal. Yet Page Airways' overseas bribery policies were also illegal, and the agency did not expose them, even though it was aware of them, and it did not hesitate to ask the Securities and Exchange Commission to quash its investigation.

Page Airways has admitted engaging in illegal operations overseas in the past. On June 4, 1979, it pleaded guilty to six violations of U.S. currency laws. The transactions involved the transfer of $46,647 to Uganda. Although the violations were technical and bribery was not charged, Page won the right to operate and service aircraft owned or leased by Idi Amin's regime. Following Page's guilty plea, the Justice Department terminated a Federal grand jury investigation of the firm's overseas marketing and outfitting of Gulfstream II aircraft and its bribery of foreign government officials in regard to those sales.

Page Airways was founded in 1939 by James P. Wilmot and Elmer Page, a pilot. Born in Boston to a family of poor Irish immigrants, Wilmot became involved in Democratic Party politics and held a succession of government jobs before starting Page Airways. The fledgling corporation was awarded a Federal contract to train pilots for the Civilian Pilot Training Program, and in the years that followed, Wilmot continued to exhibit a knack for snaring government contracts. Page Airways and the Wilmorite Company, a Rochester, New York, construction firm started by Wilmot and now owned by his son, Thomas, have done more than $100 million in business with the Federal government. The two companies' benefactors have included the Air Force, the Army Corps of Engineers, the General Services Administration and the Defense Department.

In its April 1978 suit, the Securities and Exchange Commission charged that Page Airways and its top officers had made more than $2.5 million in bribes and illegal currency transactions to foreign governments to promote its overseas aircraft sales and that Page had sold more than $15 million in goods and services to Idi Amin's regime in Uganda without disclosing to its stockholders that it was doing so, as required by law. Considered an improper payment was a new Cadillac Eldorado that was presented to Amin. In depositions to the S.E.C., Page officials maintained that the Cadillac was unrelated to their business dealings with Uganda. In an interview with an investigator, a spokesman for Page denied that the automobile was intended as a gift. "Amin asked us to obtain a Cadillac for him," he said. "We thought we were going to be reimbursed for it by him. . . . But we never got anything. We determined that it would not be in our best interests of the safety of our workers over there if we forced the issue" by demanding repayment.

Not long after Amin received the Cadillac, however, Wilmorite was awarded a $6 million contract to build a mansion in New York City that would be used as the Ugandan mission to the United Nations. According to a Page Airways internal memorandum dated April 5, 1976, a copy of which I obtained, Wilmorite also submitted proposals to Amin for building houses and high-rise apartments, rehabilitating a sugar plantation, a refinery and a steel mill, and developing Uganda's oil reserves. Throughout its dealings with Amin, Page maintained a $600,000 reserve fund, which was not entered in its books, "due to the uncertainty of doing business in Uganda." Page's accountants called the fund the "Big Daddy reserve."

Charles Hanner, a former Page vice president, was the

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mysteriosos...soothsayers...barbarians
experts...charlatans...artists...lovers
scholars...cosmologists...scoundrels

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company official closest to Amin. At one point, Amin named Hanner "honorary counsel to Uganda." But Hanner's relationship with Amin might have gone beyond business and friendship. Asked under oath if he had ever provided information to the C.I.A., Hanner declined to answer, the court records show.

In all, Page and Wilmorite sold more than $22 million in goods and services to the Ugandan dictator, including two aircraft, a Gulfstream II and a Lockheed L-100-30. Page also provided flight crews and pilots for the planes and sold Amin $1.5 million in medical supplies in 1975.

In late 1979, Judah Best, a Washington, D.C., lawyer representing Page Airways, issued subpoenas to the C.I.A. and the State Department demanding all government records relating to Page Airways and its overseas bribery operations. Shortly after the subpoenas were issued, according to court records, S.E.C. officials initiated discussions with Best to settle the suit against Page. Court records also show that Hans Ziegler, the president of Zimex Aviation, was paid a commission by Page Airways on the sale of the first Gulfstream II to Amin. In 1978 Israeli sources identified Ziegler as a fifteen-year veteran of the Mossad. Zimex also sold and leased airplanes to a number of Arab leaders who were unaware of the ties between the company and Israeli intelligence.

Amin developed a yen for a private jet after flying in Qaddafi's Gulfstream II. Ziegler learned of Amin's interest from a member of the crew and passed on the information to Page, which immediately dispatched a team of executives to Kampala, Uganda's capital. But they were unable to arrange a meeting with Amin. "They just sat around the swimming pool at the hotel for several days," said one source familiar with the trip. "Amin didn't meet with them for a while and when he finally did he told them it was because Ziegler had called him."

After Ziegler had put in a good word for Page, the Ugandan dictator placed an order for a Gulfstream II. Thus the profitable relationship between Page Airways and Amin was begun. Ziegler received a sizable commission from Page for providing an introduction to Amin, according to records in the S.E.C. suit. Zimex had previously sold Amin a Boeing 707 and had leased him another in 1976. As it did with Qaddafi, Zimex provided flight crews which spied on Amin and gathered intelligence during stopovers in Libya. According to Civil Aeronautics Board records, Zimex purchased the Boeing 707 from the Aircraft Trading and Services Company (ATASCO), headquartered in Tel Aviv. ATASCO's president is Shaul Eisenberg, an Israeli mining and shipping magnate who has made millions of dollars setting up industrial consortiums in the Third World. Eisenberg has close ties with a number of high-level Israeli officials. When his daughter Elise was married in 1969, *The Jerusalem Post* reported that among the guests were Golda Meir, Shimon Peres, Chaim Herzog, Yitzhak Rabin and two Cabinet ministers. ATASCO was formed in 1971 by executives of Israeli Aircraft Industries, which is owned by the Defense Ministry. The company was subsequently sold to Eisenberg.

In 1977, Zimex leased a second Boeing 707 to Amin in a

WRITERS CONGRESS RECORD

Norway's Writers Union

"The Norwegian Writers Union is the oldest artists' organization in the country. It was founded in 1894, and more than 90 percent of Norwegian fiction writers of any consequence belong to it. One of the union's major accomplishments was the general agreement it negotiated with the National Publishers Association in 1947. The agreement set a standard 15 percent royalty rate, which was increased to 20 percent in 1965 under a government subsidy system. The government also agreed to buy 1,000 copies of each new work of fiction published in Norway for the public libraries. In 1971, the union, with the support of other artists' organizations, conducted a three-week strike against the government-owned radio and television corporation and won better financial terms for its members.

"The union also engineered an increase in the library compensation fund. A generation ago, only a handful of Norwegian writers were able to earn a living wage from their books. With the increase in library funds, which are available for grants and scholarships, there are now around 50 full-time writers in Norway. This number is all too few, but it is an improvement.

"Another, more recent achievement of the union was an agreement with the Norwegian Bookclub and the New Books Bookclub under which book-club royalties were set at 12 percent. One third of every author's royalties—that is to say 4 percent—is paid directly to the Solidarity Fund of the Writers Union rather than to the writer. Publishers tell us that these royalty rates are among the highest in the world. The agreement makes it possible for writers who are not best-selling authors to survive in their profession.

"As far as I am concerned, the main objectives of a writers union, even in this time of great technological advances that are revolutionizing our craft, should be to enable a reasonable number of quality writers to make a living from their writing, to give new writers support and to provide aid for established writers who find themselves in financial difficulty. If these goals are not achieved, independent quality writing may become as rare as independent quality television or independent quality magazines are today. The craft of serious fiction is in great danger of being crushed by the impersonal forces of the marketplace. We writers—both the best sellers and small-scale sellers among us—must stand together now in solidarity with our fellows and in support of the craft of fiction itself. Tomorrow may be too late."

—Espen Haavardsholm, Norwegian Writers Union, American Writers Congress, October 12-15, 1981.

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complicated transaction in which ATASCO first sold the airplane to a New York City-based firm, Ronair. According to Federal Aviation Administration records, Ronair then leased the 707 to Zimex Aviation, which in turn leased it to Uganda Airways. An F.A.A. memorandum dated May 23, 1977, noted: "During the lease period the maintenance will be conducted by Pan American which has signed a maintenance agreement with Zimex. Under this maintenance agreement, Pan American will supply manpower and spares. . . . The air crews were supplied under separate contract between Zimex and Avtec, Inc. of Burlingame, California." (Spokesmen for both Avtec and Pan American said they were unaware that any espionage operations had been conducted by the crews they supplied.)

The 707s often picked up military supplies and luxury goods for Uganda at Stanstead Airport in Essex, England. Frequently to be seen supervising the loading of the airplanes was Frank Terpil, who, in August 1977, had signed a contract to supply the Amin regime with $3.2 million worth of arms, explosives and electronic surveillance equipment.

Although there is still no hard evidence that Terpil was involved in a covert C.I.A. operation directed at either Qaddafi or Amin, the members of the flight crews of the 707s Terpil helped load were Israeli intelligence agents. Thus, both the C.I.A. and the Mossad must have known about Terpil's dealings with Amin and Qaddafi more than five years ago. But they did nothing to stop them or to inform U.S. law enforcement officials. It was only when Kevin Mulcahy, a former C.I.A. analyst who went to work for Wilson and Terpil, blew the whistle on Terpil's activities that the Justice Department began its investigation of the pair. And, I have learned, a deep-cover C.I.A. agent was a member of Amin's inner circle and lived at the Presidential Palace in Kampala. The C.I.A. could also have learned about Terpil's relationship with Amin from this source.

Page Airways had other intelligence connections besides those with Ziegler and Zimex Aviation. In 1975, Page subcontracted with Southern Air Transport, an American firm that was secretly owned by the C.I.A. until 1973, to provide flight crews and engineers for Page's aircraft in Uganda. Although Southern's link to the C.I.A. had been broken, former C.I.A. proprietaries often continue to perform services for the agency after their formal ties are discontinued. According to a report of the Senate Intelligence Committee: "In a very real sense, it is nearly impossible to evaluate whether a link still exists between the agency and a former asset related to a proprietary."

According to records of the Civil Aeronautics Board, Southern Air Transport was sold by the C.I.A. in 1973 to Stanley G. Williams, a Florida businessman who was president and chief executive officer of the company while it was secretly owned by the agency. Sources familiar with the deal say that Southern was sold to Williams even though another buyer offered $2 million more than he did.

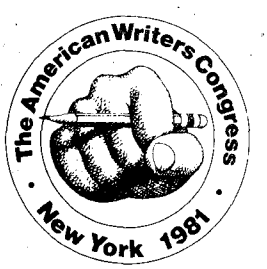
The deal was consummated after three airlines had filed complaints with the C.A.B. charging unfair competition by Southern. The C.I.A. withdrew the company's C.A.B. certification and the complaints were dropped. With the C.A.B. no longer involved, the agency was free to sell Southern with no oversight. Williams was presumably grateful to the agency, since he had acquired the firm for far less than it was worth.

Although the possible intelligence roles played by Page Airways and Southern Air Transport in Uganda still remain unclear, the C.I.A. was active in that country while both companies were doing business there. At first, the C.I.A. maintained "a friendly liaison with Amin," according to one agency official: "He allowed us to use his good offices to conduct our activities and to a small extent we helped him set up his own intelligence service." The relationship later deteriorated, however, though not because the agency was offended by Amin's murderous behavior. That had become apparent long before the C.I.A. terminated its arrangement with Amin in April or May 1972. From then on, according to intelligence sources, the C.I.A.'s mission in Uganda generally involved spying on Amin and his henchmen. The first sale that Page Airways made to Amin was in early 1975, long after the C.I.A. and the Mossad had begun spying on him.

While we cannot be certain that Page Airways engaged in intelligence operations for the Israelis or the C.I.A., the new evidence in the S.E.C. suit suggests that it did. There is always the possibility that Page and Ziegler and Eisenberg were solely after profits in their convoluted dealings with Qaddafi and Amin—certainly they made millions off them. But the C.I.A.'s intervention in the S.E.C. suit, coupled with the other pieces of evidence I have presented, strongly indicates that profit was not their only motive.

The participation of Frank Terpil—and presumably his partner, Edwin Wilson—in Page's operations is also a possibility. The new evidence offered in this article gives further confirmation that the C.I.A. was aware of Terpil's illicit operations not long after Kevin Mulcahy blew the whistle. Certainly, this is one more lead the House Select Committee on Intelligence should follow up. □

AMERICAN WRITERS CONGRESS POSTERS



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Bloodletting

EARL ROVIT

LEVITATION. *By Cynthia Ozick. Alfred A. Knopf. 165 pp. $11.50.*

Although only one of the five stories, "Shots," in Cynthia Ozick's new volume, *Levitation*, strikes me as fully successful, this collection continues, extends and diversifies her range and bite as one of the most interesting among our contemporary writers of fiction. (Her previous works include *Trust, Bloodshed* and *The Pagan Rabbi.*) And I intend that statement as an unalloyed compliment, not as a reviewer's politic put-down. For me, the most exciting aspect of Ozick's work is that, approaching the prime of her powers, she retains a kind of ragged, acerbic, risk-taking unevenness. She has not yet—in that deceptively ironic cliché—"become herself." She is still experimenting with different moods and muscles, filing sharper teeth and nails, trying out new ways of tearing at the flesh of experience—like a healthy lioness set loose in a game farm. Like all writers, Ozick rips off strips of life in order to feed herself; beyond this, however, her teeth and talons slash and rend because she takes a clear delight in bloodletting, in the feral efficiency of her jaws, in the warm, sticky taste of a successful kill.

I would not be misinterpreted on this point. Ozick is talented, dedicated, crafty, ironic, civilized and very good at feinting once to the left, twice to the right and going directly for the jugular. One can easily suggest noble justifications for her rapacity, of course. One might argue that she is standing prophetlike on the monadnock of righteousness, excoriating the backsliders and those of tepid spirit, the limp either/ors and the timid neither/nors—and there would be some truth in that. In fact, I have the impression that she herself fancies such a role—and who would not? But, it seems to me, what she really wants to do is attack her reader—*all* her readers—with words so surgically edged that no matter how delicately you peruse them, turning the pages ever so gently, you will still find that your fingertips are streaked with fine razor cuts. And I think she does this with instinctual joy, pretending good reasons for her deliberate mayhem after the fact.

This suggests, to be sure, that for all the layers of intelligence and philosophical ardor in Ozick's works—and they are considerable—the driving passion of her art is in the performance, the intellectual mugging of the reader. In the story "Levitation," the protagonist says: "Cruelty came out of the imagination, and had to be witnessed by the imagination." The statement rings true, not only in itself but also as a fair expression of Ozick's aims and powers as a writer. After all, one of the crushing challenges of our media-muffled time is how to convey the cruel data of experiences not easily imaginable—both those that are beyond imagining like the Holocaust and those that are somehow beneath the more grandiose concerns of the imagination: the casual betrayals of faith, the insignificant breaches of fidelity, the love offered and withdrawn, the hope brandished and plucked away. The obverse, by the way, presents an equal challenge. How to render unimaginable bliss or ecstasy, or how to make vital a commonplace tenderness of the spirit, one that is geared to the normal pulse beat and to the quiet pace and gait of a civilized heart. Few artists, understandably, are so rash as to make this the province of their dramas. And certainly not Ozick, who is judge, jury and executioner—whose artistic features are set in an uncompromising rictus, a grimly satisfied smile.

Again I would not like to be misunderstood. Cruelty is uniquely human, something denied to other animals and elemental forces of nature. It is, in fact, the experience of cruelty that enables us to imagine justice, and Ozick's art is cannily threaded on the looms of moral imperatives. A comparison may be illuminating here, and it is the measure of my respect for Ozick's achievement that the work of Flannery O'Connor and Jane Austen comes to mind. Ozick is not as funny or as comfortably cadenced as O'Connor, and she lacks—who doesn't?—the comic breadth and brilliance of Austen, but she shares their capacity for disdain, contempt, risible disgust. She differs from them, however, in a cardinal way that is worth exploring briefly. One is tempted to say that she lacks their compassion, but that would be false to all three of them. Compassion is a handmaiden of judgment that blessedly humanizes personal and social relationships, but that vitiates art indelibly—and neither O'Connor nor Austen were at all inclined toward that kind of sentimentality. The difference lies elsewhere, I think.

Ozick—and I am, of course, guessing—practices a more parochial cruelty, something that O'Connor's Catholicism and Austen's level-headed rationality protected them from. Or, to put it another way, Ozick's anger or outrage or disgust—no less intense than theirs—is less balanced by an easy confidence or belief in her own rightness. Where they appear unargumentatively secure, almost nonchalant in their assumptions of right-thinking, she is taut and defensive; her images strain with conviction, her strictures and self-deprecations cut even as they are undercut by wit and self-referential irony. Consequently, she seems to enjoy her characters less. She allows them little free play, and they tend to twitch somewhat like animated mannequins. And, most damaging, she permits little vitality to intermix with and energize their excesses of banality, vanity, intellectual and emotional pomposity. Hers is a parochial cruelty in the degree to which it implies a double standard of valuation. The ruthlessness with which she regards the objects of her satiric vision is not the same as that which she imposes on her own structures of belief. For Austen, anyone has the option of being sensible; for O'Connor, anyone is within salvation's reach. A failure to act on those possibilities is a matter of circumstance and choice, and such failures, generously understood, are a rich source of delight in the abundance and abuse of human energies.

Ozick, on the contrary, is constantly tempted to issue exclusionary decrees. Her fictional world—the professional middle-class Jewish milieu of New York City—tends to be divided between those snugly (sometimes smugly) within the fold of a profound Orthodox sensibility and those who deviate, a category ca-

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pable of expanding to include everyone except some death-camp survivors. All but these survivors are fair game for Ozick. It is this parochialism which her art has to struggle against—this, and the extraordinary egocentrifugal force of her writing. At her best, she recognizes her complicity with the varied forms of apostasy. Art and creativity, after all, are dangerous acts in Ozick's fictional world, susceptible to the most egregious sins of pride and posturing. The fiction writer cannot help but become involved in creating rival universes and peopling them with his own subordinate creatures. It is not at all surprising that four of the five stories in *Levitation* are directly or indirectly concerned with artists of a kind—novelists, a photographer, a golem-maker—and in each story the "creation" turns, in a fashion, on its creator.

In what seems to me the best of these stories, "Shots," Ozick's cruel humor is focused most directly and most understandingly on her own ambiguous practices as an artist. The vain war that art wages against time and change and struggling life—the mute violence and camouflaged lust inherent in the creative process, the cumulative offenses of isolation, detachment and megalomania—all these ponderous issues are firmly caught and delicately grained into a sepia-toned story which is lyrical and funny and never quite out of focus. And if the other stories in *Levitation* don't quite achieve this same high order of equipoise, they all possess in ample measure a quotient of provocative delight and the charm of an engaged intelligence. One suspects that Ozick's work will continue to expand, and one hopes that in its enlargement, a greater allowance will be made for the more fluid and more flexible forms of behavior that, in all justice, deserve to be slightly outside the jurisdiction of judgment. □

Success Woman

ELINOR LANGER

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE. *By Wilfrid Sheed. E. P. Dutton. 183 pp. $12.95.*

The most remarkable thing about Wilfrid Sheed's memoir of Clare Boothe Luce is his conviction that you can say as little as you like about a subject and get away with it, as long as you say it well enough. Magazine editor (of *Vanity Fair*), successful writer (of Broadway plays, among other things), World War II correspondent (in both the European and the Pacific theaters), two-term U.S. Representative (from Connecticut, 1942-46) and Ambassador to Italy (appointed in 1953; a later appointment as Ambassador to Brazil was shot down by Senator Wayne Morse), not to mention her position as Mrs. Henry Luce, wife of the publisher of *Time* and *Life* (which was her idea), for years Clare Boothe Luce was rivaled only by Dorothy Thompson for the "second-only-to-Mrs.-Roosevelt" slot as the most influential woman in American politics. Yet the nature of her political influence is never really made clear. Nor is there much about her personal life.

Elinor Langer's biography of Josephine Herbst will be published next year.

Ever since his green youth, when he spent a summer at her estate under circumstances no one is now able to recall, Sheed has been an aficionado of Mrs. Luce, and his book is an attempt to reconcile his personal impressions with the public legend, which is fair enough; but in his effort to keep the distance required by taste and friendship he has left out too much. Like the 1940s parties at which his heroine so often presided, the book's atmosphere is nothing if not delightful and the witticisms flow like wine. But when it is all over, charming as the occasion has been, one wonders what, if anything, has actually been said. To other aficionados, or perhaps to her enemies, this book may seem important because it is written so much from the inside. But to those—myself included—who remember little about Mrs. Luce except her penchant for raising furors, it does not take us very far.

The major deficiencies of the book, in my view, have to do with a lack of interpretation of either Mrs. Luce's politics or her sex. Politics, in particular, plays a strikingly small role—not so much, it appears, because Sheed is embarrassed by her conservatism or because he is anxious to minimize rifts as because he believes that the relationship between character and politics is problematic. "I have always found the political reading of personality to be the most superficial," he writes, "or alternately, that the people who *can* be so read are the most superficial." And apropos of "Luce" herself, as she requested to be called, he says, "I don't really care where Clare is going politically, perhaps because that side of her has never struck me as particularly important." Much as there is to be said for this proposition as a general matter, it is a very odd proposition for a book about Clare Boothe Luce. Both in her own right and as consort to the Luce empire she was securely anchored to political power, and its content does matter. Despite her other achievements, if it were not for her politics—and specifically her role in the conservative revival of the 1940s—we would not be concerned with her at all. Clare Boothe Luce without politics is like Baryshnikov without ballet. To say with Sheed that her politics "don't run very deep except as self-expression" is surely to beg the question.

An even more important limitation has to do with the absence of exploration of her life as a woman. For the most part, Sheed presents her at about the same level at which she presented herself, and although there are good reasons for the choices in both cases, the results—not surprisingly—are not very revealing. Despite the accumulation of anecdote from her childhood onward, we never learn what it was that she really wanted. Her conversion to Catholicism in the 1940s, her later experiments with LSD and her eventual retirement to Hawaii all suggest that beneath the turmoil of her career what she may have been seeking was peace, but this possibility is never seriously examined. Did she want love—and if she did, how could she have tolerated the terms of her second marriage, to "Harry"? Did she want more children—and if she did, with her record of miscarriages, how did she bear her losses? What *did* she want of her career? A long letter to her only daughter (who later died) written en route to Europe in 1940 shows such love and warmth—and such conflict and guilt—that almost by itself it makes of her a figure of depth and complexity, but it is the only moment in the book when she speaks at length in her own voice. "Her career only looks single-minded from a distance," says Sheed.

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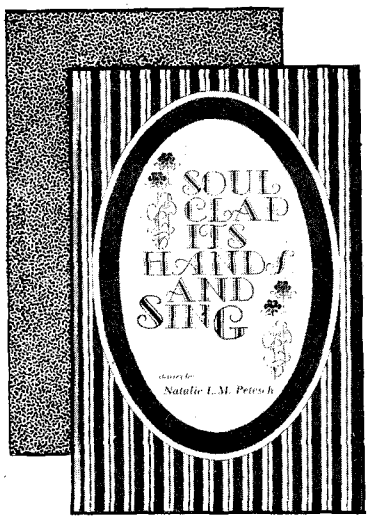

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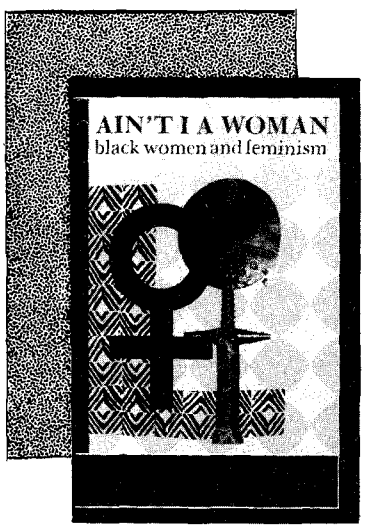

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"Up close it is spasmodic, herky-jerky, unplanned—a series of disconnected challenges met or unmet. Success Woman never knew what, if anything, she was going to do next, but was simply, as she says, 'blown about.'" Both as a matter of feminism and as a matter of human feeling the fact that Clare Boothe Luce felt "blown about" is very significant, but since the evidence for the feeling is never given, we remain at the distance from which her life does appear to have been all of a piece. The inner experiences and perceptions that corresponded to her sense of drifting are simply never made clear.

In fairness to Sheed it should be said that he makes no claims to be writing a full biography, as perhaps these criticisms imply. Nor does he neglect the feminist angle. His focus is on her career, on "what a smart girl had to do to get ahead" in the artificial atmosphere of the 1940s, and his dissection of a period in which the prototype of woman was, as he says, Wallis Simpson, is sometimes very sharp. In the discussion of her play *The Women*, a parody of bitchery which was taken as a self-portrait, in the story of her truce with Dorothy Thompson, pledged so both could escape the image of "hair-pulling woman" which was following them around, and in his account of Luce's essay on the death of Marilyn Monroe, which she attributed to loss of beauty, we get a glimpse not only of Sheed's efforts to understand the traps ensnaring all successful women of the period but of Luce's own efforts as well.

But in fairness to Luce, it seemed to me that he could have done much more. There is an interesting moment near the end of the book when she calls him to report "an attack of envy" on hearing of Sandra O'Connor's appointment to the Supreme Court. The first woman Ambassador envying the first woman Justice—it is certainly a good story. Sheed muses about it for a while, and then moves on. But it seemed to me that a great deal about the changing position of women could be summarized in that phone call, and that Luce might have been dramatizing it on purpose, for what she was really envying, it transpired, was not the position itself but the web of opportunities for women, not available in her own time, on which it was based. "Because I don't want to *be* her," she told Sheed. "I would just like to have had that kind of chance." I should not say on the basis of this incident that Luce sees her history from a feminist viewpoint any more than I should say from the letter to her daughter that a feminist viewpoint would yield a different portrait of her, but simply on the testimony of this book, that is certainly what I would suppose. One of the quips of the 1940s still around today is the line that "inside every fat man is a thin man struggling to get out," and I suspect something of the same is at work here. Inside every Exception is an ordinary woman trying to lead her life in a satisfying manner. In this sophisticated but superficial memoir, that woman is still struggling to get out. □

Nelson Algren's Chicago

MALCOLM COWLEY

When Nelson Algren was 3 years old, in 1912, his family moved from Detroit to Chicago. The father was a skilled mechanic who could make machines behave but couldn't give orders to people; he never became a foreman. Nelson spent his boyhood in the working-class neighborhoods south and northwest of the Loop. Chicago was to become the city that he hated and loved, abused and celebrated, all through his life. He died [May 1981] at 72 in Sag Harbor, Long Island, where he had lately established himself after some years in New Jersey, but he would always be a Chicago author, by no means least and not the last in a famous line.

Dreiser and Sandburg were two of his literary ancestors; Farrell was a sort of cousin, but one he found painful to admire. Those vastly dissimilar writers had in common a Chicago spirit of bluffness and down-to-earthiness that sets them apart from New Yorkers. Algren had the spirit too, but expressed it in a different way. His Chicago was "a Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of Burg," as he called it, a city whose various aspects were organized into hostile pairs. It was a day city and a night city (he preferred the night). It was a city of wide boulevards and littered alleyways. It was a city with a lakefront of mansions and luxury apartment houses, and behind these, mile after mile of dreary streets. It was a city of prosperous, right-thinking citizens, and also—passing over with hardly a mention the sober working class into which Algren was born—another city of hustlers, pushers, junkies, hookers, pimps, jackrollers, stewbums, crooked gamblers and petty thieves, all living at the mercy of the corruptible police.

This essay began as a tribute to Algren, read at the National Institute of Arts and Letters in November 1981.

This last was the Chicago that Algren memorialized in the best of his novels and stories. He lived near these people for years, usually in a two-room flat with books on the floor and a broken bed. He listened to their talk, in which he found a savage poetry, and never betrayed their secrets to the police. In a sense, he became their poet in residence.

Here are two passages from his long prose poem, *Chicago: City on the Make* (1951), that reveal his divided feelings about the city. The first expresses his contempt for the prosperous people who live on the Gold Coast or in the northern suburbs:

> So if you are entirely square yourself, bypass the forest of furnished rooms behind The Loop and stay on the Outer Drive till you swing through Lincoln Park. Then move, with the lake still on your square right hand, into those suburbs where the lawns are always wide, the sky is always smokeless, the trees are forever leafy, the churches are always tidy, gardens are always landscaped, streets are freshly-swept, homes are pictures out of *Town and Country*. And the people are stuffed with kapok.

Then a second passage, written from the heart and full of love for the dispossessed:

> The nameless, useless nobodies who sleep behind the taverns, who sleep beneath the El. Who sleep in burnt-out busses with the windows freshly curtained; in winterized chicken coops or patched-up truck bodies. The useless, helpless nobodies nobody knows; that go as the snow goes, where the wind blows, there and there and there, down any old cat-and-ashcan alley at all. There, unloved and lost forever, lost and unloved for keeps and a day . . . there where they sleep the all-night movies through and wait for rain or peace or snow: there, there beats Chicago's heart.

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I don't know why Algren adopted those nameless nobodies as the social class to which he owed allegiance. He seems to have started out with middle-class aspirations. After working his way through the University of Illinois, he graduated in 1931 with a degree in journalism and with vague dreams, so he tells us, of becoming a sportswriter like Ring Lardner or a foreign correspondent. Newspapers weren't hiring young men in that second year of the Depression. Big-city editors advised him to look for work in small towns, where the editors directed him back to cities. After trying his luck in Chicago and Minneapolis, he hitchhiked south through the Great Valley till he found himself in New Orleans, where he joined a crew selling coffee door-to-door. Later he became one of the homeless young men—there were more than a million of them in 1932—who traveled aimlessly in empty boxcars bound for they didn't know where. Unlike the others, Algren wanted to write and be published. The desire became so strong in him that he walked into a classroom in a Texas cow college and walked out with a typewriter under his arm. For that misdemeanor he spent four months in jail waiting for the circuit judge to appear and try his case. It may have been during those months that Algren lost his middle-class dreams and began to think of himself as a private in the mutinous army of the dispossessed.

After bumming his way back to Chicago, Algren wrote a story about his adventures—I don't know on whose typewriter—and it was printed in *Story* magazine. A publisher was impressed by it and offered him an advance of $100 against the putative royalties of a novel on which he had started working. With that modest assistance, the novel—he called it *Somebody in Boots*—was finished, and it appeared in 1935. It was a book that spoke not only for the author but for other homeless and hopeless young men; it was a muttering from the depths. Not many people read it at the time, but those who did remembered it. Later, during the years when Algren was on the Federal Writers' Project, his associates called him "the Dostoyevsky of West Madison Street," Chicago's Skid Row.

He remained stubbornly loyal to the class for which he had chosen to speak. His second novel, *Never Come Morning*, dealt with low life in the Division Street neighborhood, then a Polish community, where he had lived for several years. Algren had started the book when he was on the Writers' Project, but he was always a slow worker and it wasn't finished until 1942. By that time—so he told Ernest Hemingway—he was a boilermaker's assistant in East St. Louis. Hemingway and others praised the novel warmly, but Algren didn't exploit their praise; instead, he disappeared into the Army. He served for three years, mostly in Europe, as a private in the Medical Corps and never rose in rank to private first class.

Once more in Chicago, he returned to Division Street and lived alone in a cheap two-room flat while trying to write another novel. His working methods were immensely wasteful. He started without a plot and with hardly more than a vague feeling of where he might go. "I've always figured," he said, "the only way I could finish a book and get a plot was just to keep making it longer and longer until

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something happens—you know, till it finds its own plot." *The Man with a Golden Arm*, his third novel, not published till 1949, started as the story of a returned soldier. Algren had typed hundreds of pages before it became a different story, that of a poker dealer with a monkey on his back. It was to be the only book of his to appear on best-seller lists. The movie rights were sold for the miserly fee of $15,000; then Algren was offered a substantial salary to advise on the script. His advice was rejected. He appeared at the studio on a Monday, he says, and was fired on Wednesday for recalcitrance. Soon afterward he left Hollywood with an abiding hatred for the place and a reputation among producers of being impossible to deal with.

It wasn't the only time that a door to affluence opened in front of him, but he always slammed it shut. Later he formed one connection after another with magazines that paid high prices for his stories, but sooner or later each connection was broken. Partly that was because he had never learned to meet deadlines, but chiefly because he couldn't write anything to order unless it was something he truly felt. The standards he set for himself were those of what he called "the stomach"—others would call it the heart—not of the head. He had a sort of visceral probity that made it impossible for him to become a hack. If he didn't feel that his writing was "from the stomach," he suffered from writer's block.

He was hardworking but unprofessional. "I don't know many writers," he used to say. He condemned critics as a group and sometimes reviled them individually. Always he resented what he took to be the literary establishment. I think he feared that some of its members might seize him and drive him blindfolded in a Cadillac to one of those hated North Shore suburbs, where they would not only hold him in prosperous captivity but would stuff him with kapok and make him wear a necktie. Still, in his daily life, he did make a sort of compromise with respectability. After the success of *The Man with a Golden Arm*, he moved away from the Division Street neighborhood but only to take possession of a hideous little green bungalow on a working-class street outside Gary, Indiana. On weekends he went to Chicago and sat in on an all-night poker game.

That was Nelson Algren as I knew him best in 1954. I didn't follow his career after he left Chicago twenty years later. Indirectly I heard that he was having trouble with a novel based on the life of Hurricane Carter, the black boxer convicted of a triple murder in New Jersey. Carter, who claims to be innocent, has brought bad luck to several writers who became interested in his case. Algren wrote a long article about him, but the magazine that commissioned it did not run it. Then he expanded the article into a novel that he called *The Devil's Stocking*. After he had worked on it for years, this was rejected by American publishers and had to be issued in West Germany after his death. I haven't even seen notices of its publication.

During the months since Algren died,

OUTSIDE MARTINS FERRY, OHIO

1
Among the ashen husks of the Japanese he longed
to be small, to rise
as the mist does
at the heart of our country,
with its one idea of burning out,
and gawked at the moon
beginning to behold
his father. From this
turnpike he walked far,
only to stand in icelight
where the poets and brothers
rocked in the rickety
porch-dark of his body.
Unashamed, he bowed
to our home, wherever that is.

2
The fragile hooves in the rain kick long
to see the tall shape he has become.
There by the fence we remember,
that stand as another country
repeats its thinning tale
along shaken barbed wire.
A wide green light
fills an old woman
who knits from an animal
the hairy beasts
a child might dream.
Somewhere off a man laughs
greatly into her heart,
that softening apple.

3
He feared himself.
He feared the carcass of silkweed
the shuttled rivers of America pipe to and pitch aside.
He feared the tall fathers in company houses
counting their slagged pennies.

He feared the Eagle's terrible wings
rhyming royal, their end.

Let him go.
Let him go from the stoop of his house,
and ours, to watch beyond the river
that easy leaping colt
on ground we cannot see
that moon's tongue, the silkweed,
dreaming him
its father and brother.

Dave Smith

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however, I have been reading earlier books that I missed when they first appeared. Once more I have been impressed by his talent, his probity and his command of a tough language that he transforms into a raw and bleeding poetry. All his books are authentic, if unshaven, but I still like him best when he chants about Chicago, as in this singing paragraph:

> City that walks with her shoulder bag banging her hip, you gave me your gutters and I gave you back gold. City I never pretended to love for something you were not, I never told you you smelled of anything but cheap cologne. I never told you you were anything but a loud old bag. Yet you're still the doll of the world and I'm proud to have slept in your tireless arms. □

Three Strands of History

JACQUELINE JONES

WOMEN, RACE & CLASS. *By Angela Y. Davis. Random House. 273 pp. $13.50.*

"The uplift of women is, next to the problem of the color line and the peace movement, our greatest modern cause. When, now, two of these movements—woman and color—combine in one, the combination has deep meaning." So wrote the great scholar-activist W. E. B. Du Bois in his 1921 essay "The Damnation of Women." Du Bois realized that three vital strands of American history—race, gender and class—were entwined within the experiences of black women and that a better understanding of those experiences would reveal the underpinnings of American society.

Yet despite the burgeoning literature on Afro-American history, women's history, labor history and family history, black women remain a neglected group. Feminist scholars have explored the connection between work and the family, but for the most part they have concentrated on white women. Historians of Afro-American culture tend to focus on men in their discussions of slaves, freed people or blacks in general.

Contrary to the implicit assumptions of social historians, black women are not an anomalous group in either black or women's history. Rather, their story reveals a good deal about the oppression of all blacks (regardless of gender), the roles of all women (regardless of race) and the status of all workers (regardless of race or gender).

In her new book, *Women, Race and Class*, Angela Davis seeks to redress this historical imbalance and at the same time to indict the system of "monopoly capitalism," which, she charges, is responsible for the exploitation of black women in their dual roles as wage earners and homemakers. In thirteen essays covering the period from slavery to the present, she explores the sporadic alliance between the black liberation and the women's rights movements. Specifically, she shows how the women's rights campaign of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was confined by a white middle-class bias that deprived it of any potential for effecting revolutionary change. Too often, white women—even "liberals" on the race issue like Elizabeth Cady Stanton—believed their own interests to be in conflict with and more important than those of blacks.

This book represents Davis's second major contribution to the field of black women's history. In her insightful article "Reflections on the Black Woman's Role in the Community of Slaves" (*The Black Scholar*, December 1971), she suggests that slave women, in carrying out their community and family responsibilities, built a "house of resistance" in the midst of degradation and violence. (Davis's argument about the historical and political significance of slave family life in some respects presaged Herbert G. Gutman's monumental work, *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750-1925*.) The article, completed while she was being held in the Marin County, California, jail, demonstrates that she (a philosopher by training) perceived the study of Afro-American history to be a political act in itself.

At the beginning of *Women, Race and Class*, Davis concedes that she approaches her subject as a lay historian. Still, her work must be judged as a piece of historical scholarship. In it she seeks to advance the cause of socialism by exposing the mistakes and the narrow-mindedness of past reformers. To this end she has compiled much useful information not easily obtained elsewhere. She has included chapters on the link between abolitionism and women's rights; the domination of the women's suffrage movement by white women, most of whom launched racist attacks on enfranchised black men in order to further their own cause; the racist beliefs of early twentieth-century proponents of birth control and abortion. She also describes the pioneering efforts of white and black women and men (Ida B. Wells, Frederick Douglass, the Grimké sisters) to emancipate women as well as people of color. She has sections on the black women's club movement, on Communist women and on the ways in which the "myth of the black rapist" was used to justify the physical abuse of both black men and women.

Davis's work deserves a wide readership, for her ideas about the racist edge of various forms of the American women's movement are sound. Nevertheless, she has not always been careful in her research and writing. In view of her polemical ends, several of her mistakes are especially ironic. For example, Davis lauds the Wobblies for their egalitarian approach to union organizing, yet she consistently refers to the group as the International (instead of Industrial) Workers of the World. In another instance she hails the "unity and solidarity" of "Black and white women [who] together led the post-Civil War battle against illiteracy in the South." Yet she fails to realize that the white women involved in this crusade—the Northern teachers of the freed people—tried to impose their own bourgeois notions of individualism, self-control and time discipline on a folk who had a cooperative and anti-materialistic culture. There is precious little evidence of compassionate understanding or honest friendship between members of the two races, although they shared a commitment to black "education."

The book's title suggests that it will deal with the trilogy of forces that have shaped American society, but Davis is principally concerned with the issue of race. White working-class women, ar

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Jacqueline Jones, author of Soldiers of Light and Love: Northern Teachers and Georgia Blacks, 1865-1873 *(U.N.C. Press), is at work on a history of black women, work and the family in America from 1830 to 1980.*

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the oppression they share with black women, are barely mentioned. In her eagerness to castigate middle-class reformist organizations for their racism, Davis glosses over the racist policies and rhetoric of workers' and radical groups. When she does find evidence of racial antagonism among workers, she assumes that it "was consciously planned by the representatives of the economically ascendant class." This superficial analysis of American working-class history masks the complex tensions between groups which were united by their experience of economic exploitation, yet divided by ethnic, religious, racial and gender prejudices.

At this late date we hardly need another book that documents the racism of white reformers, even those with impeccable liberal credentials. The more daring and demanding task before Davis was actually to examine the issues indicated by her title. How, in fact, do "racism and sexism frequently converge," and why is "the condition of white women workers . . . often tied to the oppressive predicament of women of color"? How do we explain the male supremacist ethic within black (as well as white) family life and political movements? Curiously, Davis fails to deal with the black power movement of the 1960s and with Stokely Carmichael's infamous description of the desired position of women within it ("prone"). She describes the rape issue as a racist ploy designed to terrorize black men, without acknowledging that black rapists attack women of their own race. But even had she addressed the themes announced in her title, the absence of a coherent theoretical framework in *Women, Race and Class* would doubtless have made her discussion of these issues unsatisfactory.

Perhaps the most challenging issue not raised in the book involves the relations between black male and female family members. Historically, American capitalism has stressed personal ambition and material success for white men while systematically denying both to black men. (The strength and endurance of nineteenth-century black family life has been well established by Gutman and others; it is a waste of Davis's time and energy to browbeat Harriet Beecher Stowe and Daniel Patrick Moynihan.) Ultimately, the role of the black family under American capitalism presents a thorny problem for feminists, black activists and socialists alike. For if, as Davis showed in "Reflections on the Black Woman's Role in the Community of Slaves," the black family has served as a bulwark against racism, then it cannot be dismissed (as she dismisses domesticity in general) as an example of counterrevolutionary privatism.

Over the years, millions of black women—domestics, factory workers and field hands—have yearned, in the course of their long and ill-paid work days, to stay at home with their children. It is unlikely that they would have agreed with Davis that "the assembly line is doubtlessly the most powerful incentive for women to press for the elimination of their age-old domestic slavery." To care for one's own family without interference from slaveholders, welfare bureaucrats or "workfare"-minded politicians is the freedom that black women have struggled for throughout their history in America. They have perceived the nurturing of their children as an "oppressive predicament" only insofar as they have been denied the time and the financial resources to do it to their satisfaction. Nevertheless, Davis asserts that the shifting of housework and child-care from "[women's] shoulders to the society" constitutes one of the "radical secrets of women's liberation." Her contention that housework is rapidly becoming "obsolescent" indicates that, among American Communists, hope continues to spring eternal.

In *Women, Race and Class*, Angela Davis makes clear her belief that black liberation is a more crucial matter than women's rights (the latter issue she identifies almost exclusively with middle-class white women). But in these days of federally subsidized racism, persistent opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment and calls for workers to renounce hard-won benefits and wage increases, we should avoid placing the rights of one group over those of another. Hierarchical power systems based on race, class and gender are mutually reinforcing and equally oppressive. □

Contest for New Poets

"Discovery—THE NATION, '82" is sponsored jointly by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA in New York City and THE NATION. The competition, now in its eighth year, represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and THE NATION's poetry prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combination of publication and poetry recital.

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The Choice of Comrades

MAURICE ISSERMAN

STEVE NELSON: American Radical. *By Steve Nelson, James R. Barrett and Rob Ruck. University of Pittsburgh Press. 475 pp. $19.95.*

Steve Nelson's autobiography, *American Radical*, written in collaboration with two graduate students from the University of Pittsburgh, is the best firsthand account we have of what life was like for a Communist militant in the years between World War I and the cold war. Until quite recently, former Communists have generally been reluctant to reveal much about their political past. Their break with the movement left them with painful feelings of anger, disillusionment and guilt; the McCarthy era loomed large in their memories, and they feared that their disclosures could compromise former comrades. It was also difficult in the 1950s and early 1960s to find publishers for books on the experiences of Communists that strayed too far from the God-that-failed genre. Time and the changing political climate have weakened such inhibitions, and in the years since the publication of George Charney's *A Long Journey* in 1968, there have been a half-dozen autobiographies of former Communists. While these accounts vary widely in quality and outlook, they have done much to restore the human element to our picture of American Communism.

Even though *American Radical* never strays far from Nelson's personal experiences, it could justifiably have been subtitled "The Rise and Fall of American Communism," since it provides an organizer's view of the movement's history. The American Communist Party was founded in 1919; Nelson, a Croatian immigrant, joined the Young Communist League, its youth affiliate, in 1923. During the remainder of the 1920s, while American Communist leaders in New York and Moscow devoted most of their energy to squabbling over control of the local Bolshevik franchise, Nelson was trying to organize Pittsburgh electrical workers and Detroit auto workers. When the C.P.'s political fortunes began to rise in the 1930s, Nelson moved to Chicago, where he helped establish the first unemployed councils. His talents were noticed both by the Chicago Red Squad, who worked him over with blackjacks, and by the C.P. leaders, who, desperate for experienced organizers, sent him from one grueling assignment to another. After a stint in the Pennsylvania coal fields, Nelson was dispatched to Moscow to attend the Lenin School, a training center in ideology and tactics for up-and-coming Communist leaders from Europe and America. While overseas, Nelson served as an underground courier for the Communist International, smuggling funds and messages to the beleaguered Communist movements in Germany and China.

In 1933 Nelson returned to Pennsylvania, where he again worked as an organizer until the start of the Spanish Civil War. He went to Spain in 1937 as a volunteer in the International Brigades, and was appointed political commissar for the Abraham Lincoln Brigade (the unit in which most American volunteers served). He was wounded in the battle of Belchite, and late in 1937 he returned to the United States. For the next dozen years he shuttled from one important party post to another. In the early 1950s he was convicted under both the Smith Act and Pennsylvania's sedition law and sentenced to a total of twenty-five years imprisonment (higher courts eventually overturned the convictions, but not before he had endured months of mistreatment in Pennsylvania's Blawnox workhouse). In 1956, in the aftermath of Khrushchev's "de-Stalinization" speech, Nelson became one of the leaders of the dissident Communist group that believed it was time to break with Soviet-imposed political models and embark on a distinctly "American road to socialism." He finally quit the party in 1957, having decided that the battle to reform it had been lost.

On his way to Moscow in 1931, Nelson stopped off in Leningrad, where, he reports, "I felt like I was walking through the pages of John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*." Hollywood has recently absolved Reed for his pro-Bolshevik sympathies, packaging him neatly as a well-intentioned-but-tragically-naïve adventurer who died too young to recognize the grim truths of the Soviet experiment. How would Hollywood handle Steve Nelson's story?*

It would be easy enough to portray Nelson's early attraction to the Soviet Union sympathetically, depicting him as a young and impoverished immigrant who read Bukharin's *The ABC of Communism* while riding the streetcars to work. But how do you explain Nelson's loyalty to the Soviet Union over the next three decades as he built a life in America and came to appreciate the value of what he had once scorned as "bourgeois civil liberties"? What would our hypothetical screen writer do with Nelson's willingness to swallow the Moscow Trials (in which Bukharin, among many others, fell victim to Stalin's terror) and the postwar purge trials in Eastern Europe (which claimed the lives of many of Nelson's comrades from the International Brigades)? If Nelson is simply made to be the villain of the story, we have no problem. But then how does the script account for his

Maurice Isserman's book, Which Side Were You On? The American Communist Party During the Second World War, *has just been published by Wesleyan University Press.*

*As he recounts in *American Radical*, Nelson has already been portrayed in one Hollywood film, the cold war classic *I Was a Communist for the FBI*. The film was based on the memoirs of Matthew Cvetic, an F.B.I. informer who testified against Nelson at his sedition trial. *I Was a Communist for the FBI*, which presented Nelson as a Soviet agent and a murderer, premiered in Pittsburgh during his trial.

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willingness, in 1956, to step back and criticize the political assumptions that had guided him over the previous thirty years? What do you do with a man who believes for most of his adult life that he is fighting for democracy and socialism, who makes grievous errors along the way in what Ignazio Silone called "the choice of comrades" and who, in late middle age, comes to redefine and reaffirm the goals he has spent his life fighting for? It is not a story that lends itself to simple moral formulas. Costa-Gavras could do it justice; Warren Beatty may yet surprise me.

American Radical is Nelson's personal memoir, but it is also the story of a generation of young radicals who joined the Communist Party in the early days of the Depression and who remained in the movement until the 1956 crisis. Nelson was slightly older than most of the people in this group, but he shared their experiences and drew many of the same conclusions:

> Through our contacts in the unemployed councils, trade unions, and other mass organizations, we gradually came to recognize that the old sectarian approach, with its emphasis on abstract theory and rhetoric, constant adulation of the Soviet Union, and a hostility toward all radicals outside the Party, would not work. We concentrated instead on issues of vital concern to working people. . . . In this sense the changes in the Party during the thirties reflected more than a change in tactics; there was a change in attitudes, especially among those most active in mass work. Once this new broader view was infused into the organization, it was never quite the same. It was no coincidence that in the crisis of 1956-1957, when there was a call for changes in the Party's whole approach to the struggle in the United States, it was people with such experience who responded.

American Radical is neither recantation nor apology. Nelson tries to make the Communists' political choices from the 1920s through the 1950s understandable to his readers; he also makes clear the disastrous shortcomings of some of those choices. This is an admirable book. It might even make a good movie. □

The Anti-Nuclear Gang

SAUL LANDAU

WHO KILLED KAREN SILKWOOD? *By Howard Kohn. Summit Books. 462 pp. $8.95.*

Two weeks after finishing this book, I still feel uncertain about it. I think *Rolling Stone* reporter Howard Kohn has come up with something new in investigative storytelling; neither fiction nor journalism, neither political writing nor history, it falls into a twilight zone between Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* and the Joe Hill story. In addition to this confusion, Kohn has mistitled the book: it should have been called *Who Vindicated Karen Silkwood?*, not *Who Killed Karen Silkwood?*. Kohn tells a heroic story in banal language; this may in fact be the very first Movement soap opera. The vindication of Silkwood opens with the following descriptions of the heroine as she left her last union meeting just before her death at the age of 33: the "sweetheart eyes, the devil in her, the sassy mouth. . . . She was an awfully fine looker."

Silkwood worked at the Kerr-McGee nuclear plant, outside of Oklahoma City, in 1974. Her finely honed sense of justice was activated by her discovery that workers at the Kerr-McGee plant were routinely exposed to plutonium in quantities that exceeded the levels set by the Atomic Energy Commission, and that she herself had been contaminated. Worse than this, she also uncovered something that clearly involved national security: pounds of plutonium were missing.

Silkwood left the union meeting with an envelope of surreptitiously taken photographs and some documents. She was on her way to meet a *New York Times* reporter. That was the last time she was seen alive. Her body was discovered in her wrecked car, and the circumstances of the accident were highly suspicious.

Silkwood's family, friends and fellow workers—the good guys in Kohn's story—were organized by activists in the antinuclear movement. If they could prove that Kerr-McGee murdered Karen, they could also discredit the nuclear cause. Kohn also introduces us to the bad guys—the officials at Kerr-McGee and the weak-willed inspectors for the Atomic Energy Commission, who appear to be controlled by the company. These introductions are interwoven with Kohn's efforts to describe the Oklahoma ambience of Silkwood's story: "The prairie began at the road's edge, acres of grass bowed and burnt by the eternal wind . . . as remote and stubborn and blunt as it had always been."

The second part of the story, which centers on the hunt for the killers, describes the contrapuntal relationship between the Silkwood partisans' quest for truth and a countermovement—which hoped to discredit her and cover up evidence—led by the nuclear gang, the F.B.I. and state and local law enforcement officials. The drama moves in and out of Washington, D.C., describing Senate and House investigations and the pressures to stop them.

Kohn keeps the plot moving while the characters chat, make love, fight, get drunk, split pizza and argue ideology at a level that doesn't approach the foothills of intellectual discourse. But then ideas do not seem particularly important here. The Karen Silkwood story is meant to be about right and wrong, as if that left no room for journalistic detachment. We are in the land of heroes. The legal case against Kerr-McGee takes shape as a result of the efforts of superlawyer Danny Sheehan. The Silkwood cause itself, which often floundered for lack of money and energy, is saved by the indomitable will of Kitty Tucker and the determination of Sara Nelson. Silkwood's noble and scrappy father, Bill, helps get the case into civil court despite the attempts of the F.B.I. and local police to cover up the "killing."

Like installments of a soap opera, Kohn's book can become addictive; and like a soap it left me unsatisfied, but not uninterested. I still want to know who killed Karen Silkwood. And I wonder if Kohn's effort to make this mystery as popular a dilemma as who killed J.R. is such a bad thing, given the importance of the antinuclear cause.

My uneasiness derives, I admit, from Kohn's attempt at racy popularization. Can this fast read, this pulp paperback, with its overly dramatic slices of life and synthetic dialogue, really penetrate the wall of political indifference and create a consciousness that antinuke organ-

Saul Landau is a senior fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies and co-author of Murder on Embassy Row *(Pantheon).*

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izers can use? I don't know.

But at least one can say that behind the afternoon TV dialogue and the melodramatic effects there lies a solid morality tale—the story of a whistle blower extraordinaire. The book does, after all, tell us how Karen Silkwood was vindicated, and it is, refreshingly, a story in which some heroes with solid moral values win a measure of justice from some old-fashioned black-hearted villains. *Who Killed Karen Silkwood?* also reveals much about the plight of modern nuclear workers. I have told my friends to read this book in the hope that they will discuss it with people who can be made to care about the important issues it raises. □

Documents of War

HARRY MAURER

THE TEN THOUSAND DAY WAR: Vietnam, 1945-1975. *By Michael Maclear. St. Martin's Press. 368 pp. $16.95.*

To my knowledge, this is only the second book to offer a short but comprehensive history of the Vietnam War, and it is the first to be widely distributed by a trade publisher.* That this should be so is surprising, even when one considers the obvious explanations: the war ended only seven years ago, and the American public has been leery of the subject ever since. In the next few years, however, we can expect a rush of assessments. There is new interest in the war, a tentative willingness to touch the wound and see how badly it hurts. Vietnam veterans were recently featured on the cover of *Newsweek*, and others made a much-publicized trip to Hanoi. Two books of interviews with combat veterans published last spring together sold more than 100,000 copies. A television series on the war is in production, and Michael Maclear's *The Ten Thousand Day War* comes out of another series, produced by an independent Canadian film company. And therein lies much of its interest. Other short histories—perhaps better ones—will be forthcoming, but this one bears the stamp of The Tube and suggests how that mediator of events will digest the war for us.

Maclear is a correspondent for Canadian TV who reported from both North and South Vietnam and from the Paris Peace Talks. For his history he relies heavily on dozens of interviews with American, French and Vietnamese policy makers and participants in the war—interviews recorded by another reporter, Peter Arnett, for the television series. "The main events of the Vietnam War are familiar reading and many of the principal figures have written their own accounts of it," says Maclear in his introduction. This book "attempts to provide what has been missing: a compilation of first-hand testimony, the collective findings of those who planned and fought this century's longest and most controversial war. . . . The linking narrative provides the reader with background information on the people interviewed and the events they describe; it aims to clarify, not judge, the statements made." The dependence on interviews is what first reminds the reader of television; one can almost see the "talking heads" in documentary format. But this method of assembling a book creates difficulties in a work that actually presents itself as a self-contained history of the war rather than a simple "compilation of testimony."

First there is the matter of selecting interview subjects. Many of the key figures are here, among them Dean Rusk, William Bundy, Melvin Laird, Clark Clifford, John Erlichman, Edward Lansdale, William Westmoreland, Maxwell Taylor, Alexander Haig, William Colby, Frank Snepp, Henry Cabot Lodge, Ellsworth Bunker and Graham Martin from the American side; Pham Van Dong, Vo Nguyen Giap, Van Thien Dung, Nguyen Cao Ky and Nguyen Van Thieu from the Vietnamese sides. In addition, one finds the comments of numerous lower-level bureaucrats, journalists, historians, field commanders and soldiers. There are major and minor omissions too, some of them probably unavoidable—the absence of Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger and Robert McNamara comes to mind. The result is that one often feels that the events or policy debates being described rest on the evidence of a few people's recollections. There is little research to supplement the interviews; there are no footnotes, and the bibliography lists only thirty-two books. The chapter on the American antiwar movement is particularly weak, resting almost exclusively on interviews with Eugene McCarthy, Dave Dellinger and Jerry Rubin. This inadequate sample leads Maclear to the dubious conclusion that "those who led the Anti-War Movement judge it as having had only peripheral impact."

Maclear's use of "linking narrative" to "clarify, not judge" the interviews is also problematic, since it is the task of good history to both clarify *and* judge. He sometimes maintains his objective stance but lets us know what he really thinks by using the traditional journalistic technique of "on one hand, on the other hand." That is, he quotes one person, and then quotes another who contradicts the first, effectively granting the second the last word. But often Maclear does not or cannot evaluate the claims of his highly partisan interviewees, leaving the reader at a loss as well. For instance, in his discussion of whether the destroyer *U.S.S. Maddox* was attacked by North Vietnamese torpedo boats a second time—an alleged aggression that gave President Johnson the excuse to bomb North Vietnam and rush the Gulf of Tonkin resolution through Congress—Maclear quotes Bundy's assertion that there was an attack, and counters it with Daniel Ellsberg's denial: "In retrospect, it is unequivocally clear that there was no second attack. . . . The evidence has been pinned down by now." But Elisberg is hardly a disinterested observer. Is he correct?

Then there is the matter of what the interviewees have to say, which for the most part is not extraordinary. For example, we hear Rusk and Westmoreland repeating their tired litanies in defense of their views of how the war could have been won. And Maclear's occasional claims to historical breakthroughs seem overstated. What he calls "perhaps the most devastating revelation of the entire war" comes from an interview with Doris Kearns, President Johnson's semiofficial biographer, and turns out to be the hardly startling insight that Democratic Party interests

* George C. Herring's *America's Longest War: The U.S. and Vietnam, 1950-1975* (John Wiley) is also a comprehensive, albeit an academic, one.

Harry Maurer is co-author of Webs of Power: International Cartels and the World Economy. *He is now writing a book about the Vietnam War.*

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were a major factor in Johnson's early decisions to commit more American resources to the war.

The Vietnamese people are largely absent from the book—another omission one would expect from a television treatment. Maclear notes, "The book is primarily concerned with America's Vietnam policy and its present-day implications." Fair enough, but let us recall that the policy was acted out in Vietnam, and that its successes or failures were dependent upon the internal dynamics of Vietnamese social structure, politics, economics and culture. To ignore all this is to wear the same blinders that American policy makers did. Yet Maclear makes no effort to explain South Vietnamese politics, and his chapter on North Vietnam does not take up the vexing question (vexing, that is, to the Americans) of why the North Vietnamese proved so formidable and the South Vietnamese so hapless.

In short, Maclear misses the *social* dimension of the war, both on the Vietnamese and the American sides. He is good on some matters of military history; his chapter on "Westy's War" is an effective description of the American military machine. He can also document quite capably the now-familiar deceptions and self-deceptions of the American leaders. But lacking any coherent vision of politics or history, Maclear cannot even address the underlying questions: What social forces impelled the United States into Vietnam, and then forced it out? How did the interaction of social revolution, nationalism and traditional culture operate in Vietnam? How did the war fit into the larger flow of world affairs? A similar omission makes the chapter on the antiwar movement the worst in the book; the subject demands that one attend to the dilemmas of a divided society.

This unimaginative and short-sighted view of the war is most reminiscent of TV, and it indicates what we can expect from TV assessments of the war. Nothing characterizes the portrayal of history on television so much as its focus on the "story" and its refusal to ask further questions. The result is a too-familiar porridge of facts, flavored with occasional "ironies"—a term Maclear enjoys—that leaves us no closer to an understanding of our country or the war we fought in Vietnam.

The last two words of this book, then, are perhaps an unintentionally apt characterization of its spirit. Maclear quotes a veteran who says, "I was there, you know, for a year, and I never developed a love for those people. And maybe I should have, and this is something I need to search for. But I love this country and my country asked me to go. And that's the reason I went. And willingly. And I may have to do it again some place else. Who knows?" □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Quest for Fire
Missing

Quest for Fire is, I believe, a seriously intended movie. It was directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud, who made the excellent *Black and White in Color*; it was produced by John Kemeny and Denis Heroux, the Canadians who did the same for *Atlantic City*. Anthony Burgess has contributed a spoken language vastly more primitive than the one he invented for *A Clockwork Orange*, and Desmond Morris, author of *The Naked Ape*, has devised an intricate repertory of grimaces and gestures to supplement the speech. The screenplay is by Gerard Brach, who has collaborated with Roman Polanski on several films, most recently on *Tess*. That is an impressive team, and it has worked several years, spending I cannot begin to estimate what sums, to bring this chronicle of the infancy of our species to the screen. Naturally enough, I hesitate to say that the result is fanciful, and not a little absurd.

But that is what it is, and what it was bound to be, given the intention. *Quest for Fire* undertakes to provide a scientifically accurate, but popular, account of how our ancestors were getting on with their affairs some 80,000 years ago. An accurate report would necessarily be sketchy, since few facts are known; whereas a popular film requires a rather circumstantial story of the sort supplied by Brach, and that implies heroes and villains; suspense, humor and romance; a beginning, a middle and a happy ending. What we see is not the birth of the race but the antics of a crowd of zanies on holiday from some circus sideshow. Like the legend of the Garden of Eden, *Quest for Fire* achieves its drama by enthusiastic application of the pathetic fallacy.

The large cast is divided into four tribes: the Ulam, the Kzamm, the Wagabu and the Ivaka. As the film opens, the Ulam are discovered lounging about in front of their cave, tending their campfire and gnawing on roasted joints. They are an unhygienic crowd, clumsy, slow-witted, dressed in tattered animal skins. Their social intercourse is limited, despite the efforts of Burgess and Morris, but a male Ulam will promptly mount any female whose buttocks catch his notice, and we are invited to smile at the casual attitude toward this activity displayed by principals and bystanders alike.

Suddenly our friends are set upon by a troop of Wagabu, a thoroughly ferocious and opportunistically cannibalistic tribe, still so close to their anthropoid origins that they are as furry as the mountain gorilla. A fearful battle ensues, with much dismemberment on both side, but for the Ulams the supreme casualty is the fire, which is extinguished during the melee. They greatly appreciate fire, which hardens their wooden spears, cooks their food and warms their bodies, but they cannot produce it. They must find it in some lightning-struck tree or steal it from another, predictably hostile, tribe. And so the story begins.

The Ulams, suddenly demonstrating powers of organization not previously evident, appoint three of their members to set off on a quest for the essential flame. They have many adventures. They are treed for several days by a pride of saber-toothed lions, made understandably irritable by their prosthetic fangs. They are saved from slaughter by a war party of thoroughly cannibalistic Kzamm when a trio of mastodons (actually elephants in mastodon fancy dress) comes to their rescue. And, most important for their welfare and our interest, they meet up with a kittenish girl from the Ivaka contingent.

These folk are quite a different thing from Ulams, Kzamms and Wagabus. They build palisades and live in huts. They wear ceremonial masks, make pottery vessels on which they scratch rude designs and paint their naked bodies with clay. More wonderful still, they have found that a pointed stick, if spun rapidly in a block of wood, will kindle a bit of dry moss and produce fire. For me, however, their most grati-

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fying discovery is the gift of laughter. The Ivaka are a slender, agile, nervous people. I would have supposed that they belonged several millenniums up the family tree from the Ulams and the others, but I'm no anthropologist.

In any case, it is a lucky day for the three fire seekers when they run into this crowd, and a particularly lucky day for Naoh (Everett McGill), who takes the fancy of Ika (Rae Dawn Chong), the Ivaka belle. She teaches him the above-cited lore of her tribe. Better yet, she contributes to his sex education by counseling a more leisurely approach and introducing him to what has since become known as the missionary position. Thus the act of reproduction is exalted into a ceremony of love. On a calm and cloudless evening the couple are to be seen cozily entwined and alternately gazing at the moon and admiring the rotundity of Ika's belly. A child is to be born to them, and I confidently predict that it will invent the wheel.

Costa-Gavras has achieved fame with a series of implacable dramas which inveigh against repressive regimes that seize and hold power with the twin weapons of terror and torture. The series began with *"Z,"* followed by *The Confession* and *State of Siege*. Then he gave himself and his public a respite by directing Yves Montand and Romy Schneider in *Clair de Femme*, a melancholy, superbly achieved story of middle-aged love. Now he has returned to his main theme with *Missing*.

It is the first movie he has made under American sponsorship (Universal Pictures), but the story it tells is bitterly unsparing of American sensibilities; of all his political melodramas, *Missing* is the least reticent. We are in Chile at the moment when Salvador Allende's Socialist government is gunned down and the U.S.-backed junta moves in. And the immediate villains of the piece are not some Nazi-styled expediters of despotism but the bland diplomatic and military personnel of the American Embassy in Santiago.

Missing was adapted by the director and Donald Stewart from a book in which Thomas Hauser describes the experiences that in the end moved a man named Edmund Horman to sue Henry Kissinger and members of the embassy staff in Chile. The leading players in the film are Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek. Generally speaking, dramatic versions of real happenings are more convincing if the principal roles are not played by men and women immediately familiar to the audience; in this case, however, Lemmon and Spacek submerge themselves in the story with such tact that I doubt anyone will be distracted by remembering them in other contexts. Costa-Gavras has a gift for engaging his actors passionately in the events they are portraying. *Missing* was filmed for the most part in the streets and buildings of Mexico City, scenes of gunfire and other wanton violence being scheduled during the Easter Holidays, when the avenues are almost empty. The photography is flat and unblinking, like an unusually perceptive newsreel.

Lemmon plays Edmund Horman, whose son Charles (John Shea) has disappeared; Spacek is his daughter-in-law. The picture develops a personal conflict as these two press their search for the missing man. The elder Horman represents a multitude of middle-class American parents who, in recent years, have found themselves standing baffled on the far side of the generation gap. He arrives in Santiago demanding to know "what stupid thing" Charles did to get himself in trouble and not hiding his belief that Beth Horman (Spacek) is in no small part responsible for her husband's difficulties. Nor does he doubt, now that he is on the scene, that the young man will soon be found. Horman, after all, is a name that carries some weight in Washington, and anyhow one of the jobs of an American Embassy is to protect the lives and interests of its citizens. It takes him some time to realize, as Beth and Charles discovered too late, that there are occasions when Americans who find themselves in trouble abroad should at all costs avoid the American Embassy.

As in his earlier movies, Costa-Gavras mixes fact and hunch into a persuasive tale, the more persuasive in this case because Americans have reason to believe that their representatives in Third World countries may be up to no good. But did our ambassador and his aides in Santiago connive at, perhaps instigate, the murder of Charles Horman? All the embassy characters in the film bear fictitious names, but, as Flora Lewis demonstrates in a *New York Times* article (February 7), the real names are easily supplied. She states further that responsible investigators, at least some of whom deplore U.S. covert activities abroad, have been unable to

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uncover any connection between the embassy and Horman's death. She quotes Costa-Gavras as saying in response that he is an artist, not a journalist; that the overall truth comes to him by intuition and is independent of specific facts. But he uses such facts as are available and invents any others he needs to make his case. However laudable his intent, he is on slippery ground. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Ghosts
When We Dead Awaken

For some reason, there have been an extraordinary number of Ibsen productions during the last year or so. We've had *A Doll's House, The Lady from the Sea, John Gabriel Borkman,* several *Hedda Gablers* and the uncut *Peer Gynt*, to which we can now add *Ghosts* and *When We Dead Awaken*. I don't know what caused this spate of interest—the seventy-fifth anniversary last year of Ibsen's death?—but whatever's behind it, the phenomenon is welcome. There was a time not so long ago when Ibsen was as scarce on our stages as the Wakefield mystery plays.

Like their predecessors in the Great Ibsen Revival, the two new productions are of widely differing quality. The Echo Stage Company's *Ghosts* is flavorless, badly acted and amateurishly directed; The Open Space Theatre Experiment's *When We Dead Awaken* is, despite one significant weak spot, among the best productions of an Ibsen play I've seen in this country (the British and German renditions have always been better). One out of two is a reasonable percentage, as Didi says in *Godot* about the thief saved at the Crucifixion.

Ghosts is one of Ibsen's most frequently performed plays, and while the Echo's production isn't the worst I've seen, it's pretty far down the list. Its director, Martin Nordal, who is also the artistic director of the company, is described as a native Norwegian, the implication being that he has a sharper knowledge of Ibsen's world than an American director would be likely to have. Nordal was indeed born and partly educated in Norway, but he has spent most of his professional career in England and the United States. In any case, there's nothing determinably Norwegian about this *Ghosts*, and it certainly doesn't give any sense of an intimate knowledge of Ibsen's works.

On a grubby little set, the product of what appears to be a halfhearted attempt to be realistic but not *too* realistic, Nordal's actors offer the most literal, which is to say uninflected and unimaginative, rendering of the great play (the third in the cycle of prose dramas of which *When We Dead Awaken* is the twelfth and last). There's no movement, no choreography; everybody simply sits or stands and *delivers* his or her lines. In almost every instance, but especially in Jane C. Hamilton's Mrs. Alving, these lines are uttered with stiff, measured cadence, with every word doled out; "there . . . is . . . no . . . fear . . . of . . . that" is a typical effort of Hamilton's. The cumulative effect is one of elocutionary fidelity to the mere surfaces of the play. Only Rob Pherson in the minor role of Engstrand and, to a lesser extent, G. Leslie Muchmore as Pastor Manders back up these readings with any emotional life.

The Echo Stage Company describes itself as being devoted to "the Spoken Word as the essence of dramatic interpretation." Perhaps this is what leads Nordal to direct as though all he has to do is keep the lines coming. On one occasion, though, he does try for some kind of theatrical brio, and the result is embarrassing. At the famous climax to Act One, when Mrs. Alving overhears Oswald's sortie against Regina in the dining room, the lights suddenly go down on Alving and Manders and come up on Regina struggling in Oswald's embrace—something not shown in the text. Heavy-handed and obvious, such efforts are the ruin of subtlety.

If *Ghosts* is among Ibsen's most popular plays, *When We Dead Awaken* is, along with *Little Eyolf*, his least appreciated. No matter that Joyce thought it a stupendous work and set out to learn Norwegian after reading it in translation, or that no other play of Ibsen's comes closer to revealing the springs of his art. It's a difficult play to do, a mysterious play, one often wrongly called "symbolic," by which is meant vague, cloudy; the truth is that it's poetic in the deepest sense. Like the three plays preceding it (which begin with *The Master Builder*), *When We Dead Awaken* is rooted in Ibsen's final struggle between what he perceived as the demands of life and of art; also like the previous three, this play serves as a kind of atonement and at the same time a supremely painful acceptance of loss.

Still, it *is* hard to do: all those mountain scenes, culminating in the fatal avalanche; a minimum of action, by conventional dramatic standards; a basic premise that the central characters are already "dead," having murdered love or been accomplices in the crime. But it can be done, and the director of this production, Stephen Zuckerman, has proved it beautifully. The spacious, open set has only a ramp to suggest the movements up and down the mountain that are both theme and action; there is no attempt to convey the avalanche (Zuckerman gives us that apocalyptic moment by projecting bursts of light upon a scrim); delicate, abstract movements within the long duologues release the high lyricism of the language and avoid the sort of oratory that results from a misguided attempt at naturalistic speech.

With one exception, Zuckerman's actors are more than equal to the task. As Arnold Rubek, the sculptor who is Ibsen's nearly exact surrogate—the artist who has sacrificed human love for his work—Tom Klunis deftly manages the passage from arrogance to remorse. Nicholas Wyman is a fine, strapping, totally unsentimental Ulfhejm, the bear-hunter who's the incarnation of natural appetite. And Anne Twomey is magnificent as Maja, Rubek's young wife who thirsts for freedom (a direct dramatic descendant of *The Master Builder*'s Hilde Wangel). Lovely sharp features, a husky voice, a dancer's command of space: everything physical is right. And everything in her uninhibited but precisely bounded performance testifies to a firm sense of the character.

Alone among the cast, Kim Hunter falls short of what's required. This former screen actress has stage presence, but it seems codified: a star's regal walk, a great lady's deliberate speech. As Irene, a former model of Rubek's whom he used and then discarded, Hunter has little intensity and not much grasp of the role. By turns melodramatic and, strangely enough, campy, she stands out unpleasantly among her colleagues. Hers is a tough role, it's true, but one still wishes for something better, something that would have made this *When We Dead Awaken*, admirable as it is, wholly right. □

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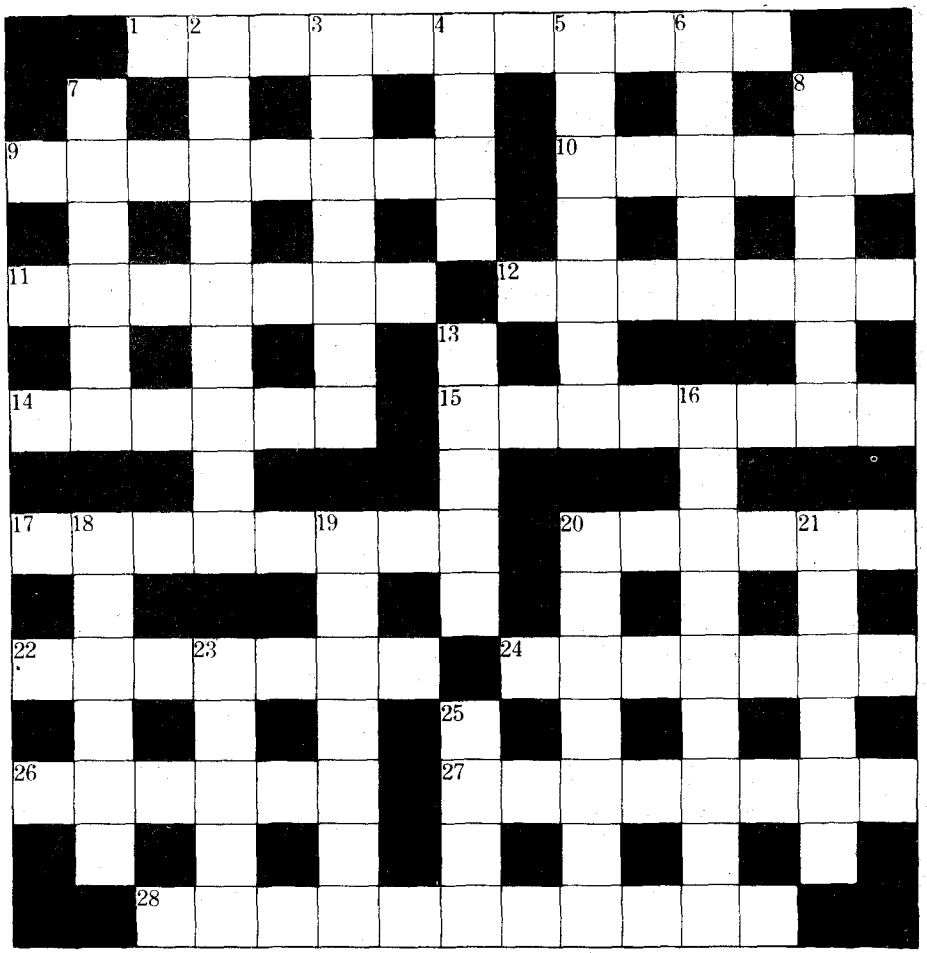

ACROSS

1 A rather vulgar spot? It's what you might expect! (11)
9 They might be rather expensive to the French, but they represent certain points of religion. (8)
10 A bad deal in this could be fixed, however. (6)
11 A lot of such nights in the story book? (7)
12 Perhaps called first, second, or third to be obviously mean guys. (7)
14 A close arrangement, but not too close for comfort. (6)
15 If you have an old sedan, you might need more than one to make it go—otherwise, one might be 2. (8)
17 What one might suffer with a difficult boat assembly. (8)
20 Sounds like 23 is not so hot! (6)
22 Hoarse and harsh—a curious mixture without one. (7)
24 Snakes crawl around, etc., when disturbed—if appearances can be believed. (7)
26 What conquerors are told to do first? (6)
27 The little Professor and the Dean (when slightly confused) might be treated with contempt. (8)
28 Set aside to provide for U-boat construction? (7,4)

DOWN

2 With almost too much enthusiasm—implying the high beam? (9)
3 The thrifty hope for such to be good when they go—like a bad lie in a lousy game! (7)
4 By the sound of it, apprehends what some reputedly have for news. (4)
5 It looks pretty in Atlanta, naturally. (7)
6 Sounds like 23 is really for the country. (5)
7 and 13 The range of the sound system used to be viewed by many as being realistic. (11)
8 Such classes don't quite provide one-star material. (6)
13 See 7
16 What Adam and Eve had to do to have some excitement? (5,4)
18 Public announcement with a premium on money—a slow time might be expected with it. (6)
19 A coat of mail which Auber knew to be apparent. (7)
20 One might before sailing with the players not in good shape. (4,3)
21 One who leases property with A or B, for example. (6)
23 Sounds like 6 should be hot for most people. (5)
25 A bridge pairing? (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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